

Collier's

MAY 21

1904

Across the Yalu With the Japanese Army

Cable Despatches, Photographs,
and Correspondence
From the Seat of War

by

Frederick Palmer

Richard Harding Davis

J. F. J. Archibald

R. L. Dunn

A. M. Knapp

and

"Torpedo Craft vs. Battleships"

by

Captain Mahan, U.S.N.



BUILDING THE SECTIONAL AND PONTOON BRIDGES AT HIROSHIMA THAT WERE USED AT THE CROSSING OF THE YALU

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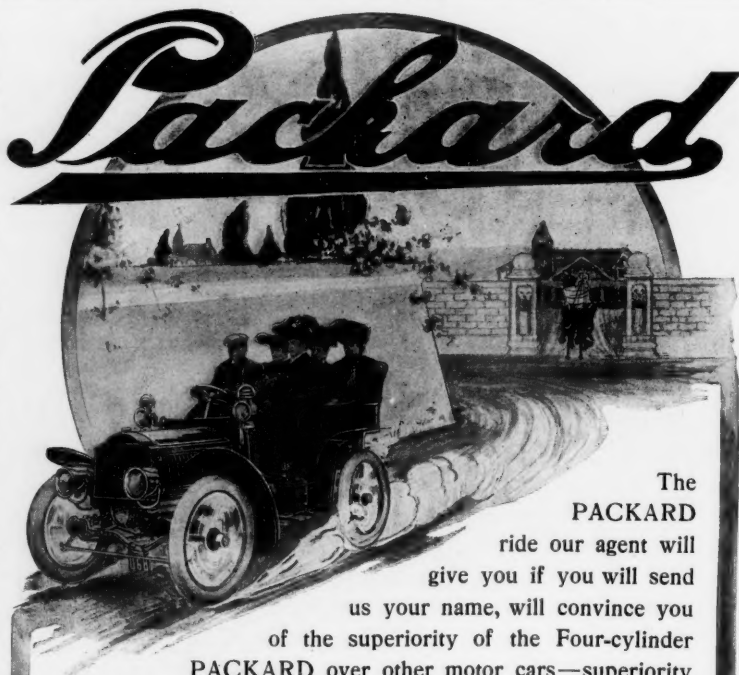
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COLLIER'S

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ON THE MARCH TO THE YALU

DRAWN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH, BY FREDERIC REMINGTON

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In order that the Japanese army might advance with the greatest possible speed toward Manchuria after landing at Chemulpo, hundreds of Korean coolies were employed to carry military supplies and provisions as well as the knapsacks and baggage of the soldiers. The roads in Korea are so bad that almost all transportation is done on the backs of men, so that these coolie carriers, experienced in this kind of labor, proved of greatest service to the invading army



REPUBLICANISM IS FASHIONABLE at Washington, overwhelmingly, in the social sense. Foreigners going there, with social introductions, comment on how few Democrats they meet. Republican dominance, broken only twice in forty years, and then for stretches of four years only, might account for this, even were not the Republicans the party of the money interests. At the publishers' dinner, representing the entire country, those who sat at the speakers' table were practically all supporters of the Administration, and JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS sat at an ordinary table on the floor. The South, the home of the majority of Democrats in Washington, is socially very different from the North, but if the social machinery at the capital were in Democratic hands for a sufficient length of time, the sectional division would count for nothing, if, indeed, it did not actually favor the Democratic end, since the cultivated South surpasses the North in social charm.

PARTY FASHION
AT THE CAPITAL

Democrats who come from the large cities in the North are not, as a rule, men of social habits and tradition. Owing to this fact, which is of no slight importance, foreigners, whether visitors, correspondents, or members of the Diplomatic Corps, are likely to see all policies through an atmosphere entirely Republican. As the capital of the United States is not the same city as the metropolis, this bearing of the social life on politics is less weighty than it is in London, for instance, where society is one of the weapons constantly used by politicians, and a weapon in using which the Conservatives have decidedly the advantage. In England, in spite of occasional social pillars like Lord ROSEBURY, it is not quite "respectable" to be a Liberal; to say nothing of a Radical; and the same principles, somewhat modified, have a serious bearing on policies at our capital.

THE MORE CONSERVATIVE PARTIES control England and the United States because in both countries the opposition has succeeded in becoming identified with certain policies that are hopelessly unpopular. Civilizations dominated by the Anglo-Saxon character will not accept change merely for the sake of change. Of the ablest statesmen in England, few recently have been Liberals, and of the ablest statesmen in America few recently have been Democrats, a condition which has been caused partly at least by the fact that the parties of change stood squarely for nothing which could seem to any large body of wise men unmistakably desirable. In England the Conservatives took the Irish issue away from the Liberals, just as in this country the Republicans have strengthened themselves by a progressive policy on

CONSERVATIVE PARTIES

trusts, by some liberality toward Cuba, and by Secretary TAFT's demeanor in the Philippines, which has done much to kill anti-imperialism as an issue. What is left of it appeals only to the same small class which composes the Little Englanders across the water. By making hostility to the Boer War their leading issue the Liberals of England disintegrated about as completely as the Democrats here went to pieces over silver, threats against the Courts, and Populism in general. When one party stands in the main for the status quo and the other stands for a general discontent with things as they are, prosperity makes strongly for conservatism. The Democrats, in this country, not having any big issue on which they are united, and appealing only to a love of change, are put in a difficult strategic position by persistent fulness in the crops.

ABOLT BY BRYAN, HEARST, and the Populists might prove anything but an evil. With the Populists set off in a party by themselves, drawing from Republicans and Democrats alike those who represent impatience with law, reason, fair argument, and common-sense, both the larger parties might improve. The Populists might carry a far Western State or two, but no one would worry over the possibility of their doing more. Whether they do bolt or not will depend upon which cause they calculate

BOLTING

will give them the strongest position in 1908, either to control the Democrats, dictate to them, or increase the strength of a party of their own, founded upon BRYAN's popularity, HEARST's money, invested in publicity, and the general need of such a home for agitators and extremists. The chance for a bolt at St. Louis is rather good, as even if the Populists have a third of the delegates at first, they may not get a satisfactory compromise. Delegates do not stay bought. The local leaders who are taking HEARST's money are in many instances cheating him. "You are a pleasant sight," said a friend of ours to a Cook County leader, "destroying the usefulness of a great party for a little money." The leader showed he did not under-

stand. "I mean HEARST," replied our friend. "Oh, HEARST. You don't understand. You know that — — —, CARTER HARRISON? Well, he is the man we are laying for, and we are going to do him, you bet." HEARST is merely a club to this man, and many such, and a representation built on money and local feuds is likely to dwindle rapidly after the first ballot at St. Louis.

ORDINARY POLITICIANS ARE SHREWD within their own field of tricks and exact calculations, but they often fail entirely to estimate a widespread moral public sentiment. JOSEPH FOLK's victory over the machine in Missouri shows an extreme miscalculation by the machine politicians. The cities voted more as they had anticipated, but in the country districts they met an unexpected Waterloo. When some man of marked personality or accomplishment happens to appear, all the ordinary modes of forecast frequently go astray. Party loyalty, the basis of such calculations, is lost in a fresher and more special interest. Mr. FOLK's victory shows that his work has had a more vivid hold on men's minds than their routine party spirit has. The more stirring the events of public life, the more possible is it for men to think freely, out of party lines, and that the people of Missouri are stirred deeply by the changes centering around Mr. FOLK is now fully proved. In State and city, as in national politics, party lines are hardest to break in stagnant times, easiest in the stress of feeling. The scheme developed by Missouri's machine, to seem divided on candidates, whose strength could be later concentrated, was well devised and at one time made success look so probable that Mr. FOLK himself was far from confident. It failed, from inability to cope with one element of the situation which it had underrated—a public opinion not in its usual state of lethargy, but thoroughly aroused. Missouri, therefore, seems certain to enjoy the proud and rare distinction of electing a Governor for the virtues which he has proved, against the frantic efforts of organized politicians.

MACHINE
CLEVERNESS

THE DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE, the recent creation intrusted with important powers, is not creating in the public mind an impression favorable to its strength. President ROOSEVELT, who inherited the strongest members of his Administration from MCKINLEY, was here left to his own resources, and his opportunity to discover men has not been followed by overwhelming success. In the case of a new department, where everything must be practically created, a powerful personnel was even more than usually essential, and it can hardly be claimed that the President was inspired in selecting it. The probability is that the department will drag along through four years more, without visible influence, and at the end of that time either Mr. COR-

A WEAK DE-
PARTMENT

JAPANESE SUCCESSES are received in many parts of Europe with a disappointment in sharp contrast to the general satisfaction shown in England and America. Dislike of England is under most of the alarm expressed about Japan, for England, in spite of her new understandings with hereditary foes, is still unpopular on the Continent. It is necessary to bear in mind always the people as well as the Government. Fashoda may be officially forgiven, but the French people forget neither Fashoda nor their childhood teaching about the hereditary foe. Germany, in diplomacy, is now more isolated than England, but she is apparently not so much dreaded as England is by many powers. Naturally, the Russian Anglophobia is strongest, in spite of recent efforts at a pleasanter relation, and in the Russian prophecies about Britain's dire purposes we are frequently included. Commenting on the "Anglo-Saxon peril," a Moscow journal says that Great Britain and the United States expect to extinguish minor states, and to annex the colonies of Germany, France, Belgium, Holland, and Italy. We are to annex or divide China, Mongolia, and farther India, and are eager to fight with all Europe on this topic immediately. For such reasons are we laboring so assiduously on the side of Japan. "In recognition of this

MARES' NESTS



fearful general European upheaval now being prepared by the 'enlightened' pirates and their transatlantic brethren, the European powers must—at least for the time being—lay aside all their peculiar differences and all their inner conflicts. The real source of peril is not so much an invasion of the barbarian savages from the East as the economic and political subjection of the European powers by the advancing 'civilized countries' of the Anglo-Saxons." Further complications are discovered by other penetrating observers. A Calcutta organ of the natives says that Great Britain and the United States, fearing "the competition of the patient and industrious yellow toiler with the degenerate whites," outraged China in 1900. Japan fought on the side of "the European white faces" in that war, against her sympathies, in pursuance of wise and far-sighted policy, directed against the West and especially against the Anglo-Saxon menace. Thus, by looking at opinion in various quarters of the globe, we find remarkable doings planned by the Anglo-American secret barbarian alliance.

FOREIGN ALARM OVER US, the terrible Anglo-Saxon peril, does not hold the field alone, for although we have rather exhausted the other side, the yellow peril to wit, as a topic of conversation, things continually crop up to force us back upon it. The troops under General MA bring it to life one day, and the next the Empress of China consents to have her photograph taken, and worshiped, thus taking one more step in the wake of Japan and suggesting again possibilities of an Asiatic combination. Japan's success in destroying warships with torpedo boats also sets us figuring from an entirely fresh point of view. The newspaper strategists were at first going to supersede the battleship altogether, until they were reminded that, allowing every induction from the present war, the torpedo boats could do nothing except as part of a fleet

THINGS TO
THINK ABOUT

of which the battleships are the backbone. They might also be reminded that it makes a difference whether shots aimed at a torpedo boat hit it or not, and whether searchlight practice is kept up to the highest efficiency; and yet, when all exaggeration is thus cut down, we do face the fact that so much is being done to shake up the ideas even of our greatest experts that we shall have to sit down and think a long time before we decide in what proportions the various kinds of war craft should be accumulated. The war, both on land and sea, keeps us guessing, and thinking about various large subjects with more persistency and openness than we have used on them before. Being so full of surprises, it inculcates humility even in those solemn editors, who, loving to prophesy and direct, have become almost persuaded that General KUROKI's military ideas are superior to their own. As mental exercise and general education this war is a distinguished triumph.

WE ARE USUALLY SERENE. Our mind is calm and dwells with moderation on the follies and virtues of mankind. We are a philosopher, but there is one thing that robs us of philosophy and makes us as prejudiced and extreme as "a Christian or an ordinary man," to quote the good Sir Andrew. That object of repugnance is the corset. Just as we are trying to keep that even balance of sympathy which is our habit, seeing Russians and Japanese with equal justice, in spite of Japanese glamour and Russian verbal thunder, we fall upon the fact that in Japan the corset is unknown, save by an imitative few. The Japanese look

CORSETS upon full, deep breathing as the best part of exercise and a necessity of healthy life, and therefore it did not seem advisable to them to confine the body in a vise. Moreover, they have been in the past, and have not yet ceased to be, a race of most artistic taste, and therefore fonder of the human figure than of an image done in whalebone. Just what Japan will take from the West, of good or evil, none can say. She may lose her taste and art, her physical health, and everything that was best in her former life. She may even take to corsets. If so, Commodore PERRY and President FILLMORE will have much to answer for.

MEN SEEKING MOTIVES are often inaccurately precise. Especially in the case of an old man who has held his country's highest honors is it easy to attribute springs of action much more insistent than those which actually exist. Mr. CLEVELAND has spoken frequently of late, and his words have been stimulating not to the listening Democratic ass alone, but to the attentive elephant as well—to the American world, in short. In this unusual fluency some observers find ambition, but we do not. If Mr. CLEVELAND should, under stress of circumstances, accept another nomination, it would, we are sure, be with a rather heavy heart. Wise and

experienced old age usually loves rest and contemplation. When Mr. CLEVELAND denies, too acidly, alleged social relations with a negro, it is not the politician speaking, but the elderly potentate who feels wronged and exaggerates the wrong. If he takes to writing about his record, it is not the candidate holding up his banner, but the thinker in retirement and the father of a family none too well provided for in a worldly sense. A man who is old, sated with the world, and good, centres his thought upon those nearest him, and the lives which they are to lead, when he has left the table and his friends have turned down the empty glass. To judge a man like this as if he were a youngster, with no place won, his muscles taut, and eager for the race, is a sin against the rudiments of psychology. Mr. CLEVELAND to-day is a sage and not a struggler for advancement.

CLEVELAND
IN HIS AGE

OUR VERY LANGUAGE seems to work against the negro. Evil deeds are black. The devil himself is black. A black soul is the strongest expression for what is bad. Angels are white. All that is pure and good is represented by that color, and light means intelligence, and darkness means ignorance and depravity. The more educated a negro the more keenly sensitive he is to such shades as these, that have become part of the language which he must speak. Fortunately the gayety of his nature is not always, or perhaps usually, killed by the bitter struggle of doubtful outcome, that lies before his race if it would move forward under the discouragement of constant contrast with the whites. The outlook is not a cheerful one, except when it is lightened by the inspiration and courage of a BOOKER WASHINGTON, or by a similar spirit in some other man, like the negro who recently spoke these

SUFFERINGS
OF HAM

words: "Refusal of a glass of soda in a white drug store is simply pointing the negroes to a negro drug store and telling them to take the nickel there and help up the struggling negro; the same is true in white eating-houses and the like. Let the negro patronize his own struggling people and help to be something." We think the President has acted injudiciously in keeping before the public the case of Dr. CRUM. Whatever his motives, an injury results to the unfortunate race with which he justly sympathizes. Likewise it would be cruel to the negro for either party to name him in its platform or make him an issue before the voters. Talk, indulged in by some negroes, about a negro party, with colored candidates, is the very depth of folly. The conditions faced by enlightened and ambitious blacks at the very best are hard enough. Every issue, except the issue of self-dependence and hard work, can only make these conditions harder.

WE LIKE TO CELEBRATE able and honest men, particularly when they have the minor attributes of taste and modesty. Sir WALTER SCOTT gave the name of delirium tonans to the disease of loud talking. The Russians give symptoms of this disease at present, the Spaniards were not without it in 1897, and the Americans enjoy sonorous phrases. Ambassador CHOATE is not alone among our countrymen in ranking SAMPSON and DEWEY with DRAKE and NELSON, and generally crediting us with somewhat more wood than we actually saw. Our exaggerated pension system has a similar influence, and Mr. CARNEGIE's latest brilliant entrance into the stage centre with his cash department for assorted heroes tends decidedly to increase our oversupply of valorous epithets. We do not wish Americans to talk like Bardolf, Pistol, and Nym. HEINE suggested that a man might support his sick mother without demanding a *pour-boire* from the eternal. Now, being rather full of this objection to self-laudation, we read delightedly one more fresh and sensible observation by the Honorable JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS of Mississippi. For the public service, which he adorns, he thinks a fair prescription is one part patriotism and principle to one of ambition and one of love of conflict. In the Middle Ages fighting was the only honorable calling for a gentleman. It gave just what politics gives to-day in similar proportions. These elements may be discovered in business or in science, but, as Mr. WILLIAMS puts it, "the political arena offers the best modern substitute for the profession of fighting, as it was 'way back in the ages when fighting was the only profession in the world. You have a noble background—your amphitheatre is the wide nation; the rewards are noble—soldiering never offered any as fine; the conflict, though not often physical, is extremely stimulating—it is mind against mind, instead of arm against arm, and the game never flags." To the life which he is leading Mr. WILLIAMS calmly gives the name of fun, and we are inclined to praise him for doing his duty well without decorating it in phrases of undue magnificence.

FUN

Prince Cariglia (Italian)

Col. Corbiant (French)

Lieut.-Gen. Fukushima

Capt. Tanaka

Capt. P. C. March
(U.S.A.)

Lieut.-Gen. Baron Kodama

Baron Komura (Minister
of Foreign Affairs)Gen. Nicholson
(British)Field-Marshal Oyama
Prince KaninMajor Von Foerster
(German)Col. Crowder
(U.S.A.)Major Wood
(U.S.A.)Capt. Morrison
(U.S.A.)Lieut. Franz (Austrian)
Capt. J. E. Kuhn (U.S.A.)
Gen. Terauchi (Minister of War)

THE BOTTLED-UP MILITARY ATTACHES IN TOKIO

By order of the Emperor of Japan, Viscount Tanaka, Minister of the Imperial Household, gave a reception, April 13, at the Shiba Palace, in Tokio, to the foreign military attaches who have been "marking time" for many weary weeks, impatiently awaiting permission to go to the front and witness the fighting

ACROSS THE YALU WITH THE JAPANESE ARMY

Special Cable Despatches from FREDERICK PALMER, Collier's Correspondent with the Japanese Army in Manchuria

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ON THE EVE OF BATTLE

In the Field, April 28, by Overland Messenger to Seoul, May 5

THE military censor will not yet allow correspondents to give the name of the place from which they are sending messages or the date of filing. Thus far the Japanese army has restricted itself to those minor operations by which an offensive force secures a strategic position. The country in which the army is operating provides a striking ground for a great and decisive action. Natural battlements rise on either bank of the Yalu River. The town of Wiju itself lies in a natural pocket grimly watching the preparing army which is wholly concealed from its adversary. From the opposite side of the Yalu one can see only windowless houses and seemingly uninhabited country, except for an occasional Cossack horseman or a scouting outpost.

No temptations that the Russians can offer can make the Japanese disclose the position of their batteries until the time comes for striking. The two armies feel each other with occasional firing, but the rattle of transportation carts is heard more frequently than the rattle of musketry.

Although the hills on the Japanese side are a beehive of industry, there is not even the passage of a single soldier which is not screened from the Russian gaze. Here is an army ceaselessly working in a section of

country absolutely given over to an army's work. The troops are provisioned by long lines of coolies coming up over the Peking road.

The quietness and order governing the actions of so many men, all doing so much in preparation every day, is carried out admirably. The long marches, sleepless nights, fatigue duty, and even doing the work of coolies, have not dimmed the spirit of the Japanese private. Hand-made war burdens and baggage are borne by men instead of horses, the latter being conspicuously absent.

No other army of equal size could give so little evidence of its presence here as the subtle, soft-moving, active Japanese.

CROSSING THE YALU

In the Field, April 30, by Overland Messenger to Seoul, May 6

All of yesterday was spent in timber cutting, road making, bridge building, gun placing, and in constructing screenings for the positions of the batteries. The taking up of new positions and the movements of troops are all carried on at night.

This infinitely careful preparation had its climax today in a movement so magnificently done that it seemed only a part of a simple routine manœuvre, and it was carried out in the face of opposition so slight and so ill directed as to amount to little more than delaying tactics as seen from the Japanese side.

Japan gained a position on Manchurian soil with not a bolt missing, not a screw loose. This achievement was a triumph of military organization.

Spectators, who are accustomed to hear of Japanese deeds as accomplished before they are announced, learned for the first time last night of the passage of the Yalu River at a point which no correspondent was permitted to see.

The low islands below Wiju were not chosen as had been intimated as the point of passage, but instead, a point above Wiju where the bank rises precipitately from the river. The valleys behind the hills occupied by the Japanese on the Korean side of the river were crowded with reserves, which were never needed.

The first sight we had of the arrival of the Japanese on the Manchurian side of the river was a little dotted line of dark figures. This was the infantry advance, and the onrushing climbers looked like a tracing on a map.

The steep ascent was made safely, and the attacking column reached the top as unmolested as if they had been on an ordinary route march.

There was the whole story at a glance. The little Japs climbed up the rocky ascent by faint paths, then formed into lines, again spread out over the summit, wheeled, and the apparent Gibraltar became theirs for the mounting.

With their arrival at the top of the river bank there was an outburst of Japanese artillery fire for their protection. The Japanese gun fire, which had been heretofore frugally withheld, became the spectacular expression of this day's work.

The town of Wiju, the masses of reserves, the guns in their positions all stretched out as a panorama before the correspondents who had taken up their posi-

tion on a hill that was like a gallery overlooking this wonderful scene.

The accuracy of the Japanese artillery fire was marvelous. They got the range at the first shot. Wherever a Russian gun spoke on the Manchurian side, there the Japanese sent an overpowering bull's-eye as an answer. Later we saw the tireless hill climbers swarming along the banks of the Ai River on the Russian flank. There were few scenes of blood and carnage, few of the grim realities of war. To the onlooker all was so well done that only the sight of the manœuvring troops and the sound of guns told us that a great military achievement had been successfully accomplished.

The crossing of the Yalu was as easy to the Japanese as the overcoming of the *Variag* and *Koriets*.

THE FRUITS OF VICTORY

Wiju, May 3, via Seoul, May 6

The victory of the Japanese over the Russians at the crossing of the Yalu is overwhelming and complete. It is the result of a wonderful organization that is every hour developing new wonders. The infantry's mobility and their mountain work are without rival. Never before was a force more ready, and never did an army strike harder. The shops of Antung on the Manchurian side of the Yalu are open for business. The Japanese are welcome. The integrity of Manchuria has come to stay.



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL KUROKI

Commanding the Japanese First Army Corps, he fought one of the most brilliant actions strategically in modern warfare, by crossing the Yalu in the face of an entrenched Russian army on the far side, charging their works over a plain two miles wide, and shattering the enemy in a series of flanking assaults. The conditions of his attack were much like those confronting General Buller at the Modder River. The Japanese general won because he was by so much the abler soldier



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL OKAZAWA

Aide to his Majesty the Emperor of Japan, he joined active service in command of the Imperial Guard, which, attached to the First Army Corps, was in the battle of the Yalu River. The official report says that "the Imperial Guard surrounded the enemy on three sides, and after a severe fight captured more than twenty guns, many officers and men." This part of the action was so desperate that few Russian artillerymen survived



AN INFANTRY REGIMENT NEAR THE END OF THE FORTY-MILE MARCH ACROSS FROZEN LAKE BAIKAL



SLEDGES USED TO TRANSPORT MILITARY SUPPLIES



HAULING CARS BY HORSE-POWER OVER THE FROZEN LAKE



A RUSSIAN REGIMENT HALTED FOR DINNER. THE SOUP RATION IS PREPARED IN KITCHENS ON SLEDGES WHICH FOLLOW THE COLUMN

RUSSIA'S MILITARY HIGHWAY ACROSS LAKE BAIKAL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VICTOR K. BULLA, COLLIER'S SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER WITH THE RUSSIAN FORCES. PHOTOGRAPHS COPYRIGHT 1904 BY COLLIER'S WEEKLY

When the war crisis awoke Russia to the need of hurrying three hundred thousand men into Manchuria, five thousand miles from the home base, the single traffic line of the Trans-Siberian Railroad was broken by Lake Baikal, which had frozen to a depth of nine feet in December. The ice-breaking ferries expected to maintain communication had proved unequal to their task, and the railroad around the lake was not completed. Therefore a line of track was laid across forty miles of ice, but for several weeks before it was ready for use troops and stores were hurried to the front across the ice and snow in weather steadily far below zero. Rest houses were built at frequent intervals, but, despite all precautions,

the sufferings of the troops were very severe. Crevices and windrows of broken ice made marching and sledging dangerous and exhausting. It was reported that one regiment, losing the trail in a blinding storm, wandered into such treacherous ice, with a resulting loss of six hundred men drowned and frozen. A large number of soldiers were disabled by frostbite. Their sufferings were not over when they were again loaded on troop trains, for they often begged to be allowed to help shovel snow from the railway track, in order to fight the cold with bodily exercise. During this period it was impossible to move more than two thousand troops a day across Lake Baikal. The solid ice breaks up in May

PHOTOGRAPH BY R. S. DUNN. COPYRIGHT 1904 BY COLLIER'S WEEKLY



A JAPANESE PONTOON TRAIN MOVING TOWARD THE YALU FROM PING-YANG

The floats, built in sections, were carried by one pack-train of the engineers' column, the beams and flooring by another. Before the war, the Japanese Intelligence Office sent skilled engineers, disguised as coolies, through Korea and Manchuria to make detailed measurements of the width, depth, current, and tidal force of every stream which an invading army might have to cross. The Yalu was the most important river to be surveyed in this way, and the data were used to construct, at Hiroshima, complete pontoon bridges for the crossing, so that the material was ready to be carried with the army when the advance began. In brief, the Japanese prepared the Yalu crossing to measure, months beforehand, and when the bridges were needed they were flung into position without the slightest waste of time, labor, or transport.

MARKING TIME IN TOKIO: THE FORTY-EIGHTH RONIN

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, Collier's Special War Correspondent in Japan

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The Japanese War Office has issued a war correspondent's pass to Mr. Davis, and has assigned him to the Second Column. Until this takes the field, Mr. Davis will write of events in the Japanese Capital.

TOKIO, April 15
TODAY a small piece of flesh, which was once a portion of the body of a young naval officer, was buried here with such honors from the Mikado and Government and, on the part of the people, with such demonstrations of reverence, that, as half saint, half hero, the memory of Commander Hirose now ranks in Japan near to that of the Forty-seven Ronins.*

Hirose attempted what Hobson attempted, and in the venture lost his life. That he died in an effort to save the life of one of his crew, as well as in an effort to serve his country, has not lessened the value of his sacrifice. The sentiment of the Japanese toward him is that same sentiment which Kipling declares considers less the Commissary-General than the Tommy who steps outside the square to drag a comrade to safety.

On the night of the second attempt to block the entrance to Port Arthur, Hirose commanded one of the four steamers marked out for self-destruction. They were picked up two miles distant from the harbor mouth by the Russian searchlights, and the remainder of the run was made under a terrific fire from both the guardships and the forts. Hirose's steamer, the *Fukui Maru*, had reached the harbor mouth and was about to anchor in the entrance when she was struck by a torpedo. At the moment, Sugino, a gunner, was below lighting the magazine which was to blow up the vessel and let in the water. But the torpedo had let in the water, and Hirose and his crew were escaping from the sinking steamer in the shore boat before they discovered that Sugino was not with them. Hirose instantly climbed again on board and ran below, searching for the missing man. He failed to find him, and on returning to the deck and learning he had not yet reached the shore boat, twice again went below, the last time remaining there until the rush of the rising water drove him on deck. He had but just dropped in safety into the shore boat when a shell struck him and tore him into small pieces. One of these pieces fell in the boat. It was buried to-day. But before it was buried it was treated with the honors paid to a reigning monarch. As it passed in the transport that conveyed it to Japan it received the salutes of the entire Japanese fleet, the guns were fired, the yards were manned, the flags lowered to half staff. Later a detail of officers escorted it to Tokio where it was met by a great concourse of people, and to-day as it was borne on a gun-carriage to the grave the people turned out to do it reverence, and in thousands and thousands lined the streets. Before the procession moved the Mikado sent to Hirose's family a roll of silk, a compliment the importance of which can be understood only here, and

* The adventures of the legendary Forty-seven Ronins, heroic warriors of infinite resource, are retold by each new generation in Japan. They hold a place in story somewhat like that of King Arthur's Knights of the Round Table.



FUNERAL OF COMMANDER HIROSE: THE CAISSON BEARING HIS FULL-DRESS UNIFORM

raised Hirose and his family to the senior grade at court. And at once his statue is to be erected in one of the public parks. This in a city where the only statues I have seen are those of imperial princes.

Already the true story of Hirose is being hung with legends. As the transport carrying the piece of flesh passed the battleship on which Hirose had served, the engines refused to work, and for a few minutes the transport lay motionless.

"This, which happened before the eyes of the whole squadron," says a Japanese paper published last week in Yokohama, "made a great impression upon all who witnessed it. It was as though the brave Hirose even in death refused to be separated from the ship in which he had held command."

THE RUSSIANS AT NEWCHWANG

By JAMES F. J. ARCHIBALD

Collier's Correspondent with the Russian Army in Manchuria

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It will be observed from the optimistic tone of this letter that the Russians had every confidence in the strength of their position at Newchwang at the time of writing. It is a peculiar coincidence that the Czar's troops evacuated that city, without firing a shot, on May 7, the day Mr. Archibald's correspondence was received in this office.

NEWCHWANG, April 5

NEWCHWANG is the right flank of the entire Russian position, and the wavering of the line at this point would jeopardize the security of the whole army now afield, and lay the lines of communication open to constant attack. A very large force has been mobilized at this place, and the majority of them are the best of the regular troops, fully equipped for a hard siege, should it be necessary to withstand a protracted assault by the enemy. No one

here can understand why the Japanese have not invested or attacked Newchwang long before this. The inactivity of the enemy has been most surprising to all on this side of the peninsula, for it has given Russia time to fully prepare for a campaign. There are regular troops here that have come all the way from St. Petersburg since the declaration of war. General Kondratovitch is in command of the district and has a full division for its defence besides a considerable force of detached artillery.

As Newchwang is the terminal station of the Manchurian Railway, it is in good communication with the main force and with the headquarters at Mukden, so that in the event of an attack additional forces can be rushed into position. There is no doubt but that the enemy will eventually appear here, for it is the most important key to the investment of Port Arthur, but the attack is not likely to

take place for some time, as it is now on the full of the moon, and the nights are as clear as day. The Russians have spent this entire week in mining the mouth of the river, and yesterday the connecting cables were laid from Chinese junks commandeered for the purpose.

Martial law has gone into effect, but has made no apparent change in the affairs of the town, for Newchwang has practically been under military control for several weeks. The port of Yin-Kow, directly across the river from Newchwang, has also been included in the order, and, as this is the terminus of the Chinese Railroad and telegraph connecting with Peking, it puts Russia absolutely in command of the situation so far as the transmission of any news to the outer world goes. The nearest neutral telegraph will be at Shan-hai-kwan, a distance of about one hundred and fifty miles.

All of the women and children have left this place, and many of the men are also leaving. All those remaining have their effects packed to leave at a moment's notice, as it is expected that the military authorities will order every one out who has no direct business with the government of the place or the military.

The entire country around Newchwang is absolutely flat, being but a very few feet above the sea, and in consequence will be very easy to defend and very difficult to attack. The snow has commenced to melt and the roads are in a frightful state for transportation of troops or wagon trains. The ice in the river has broken, but has not cleared, and consequently makes the passage of the river dangerous at all times, and for the same reason easy to defend, should the enemy effect a landing on the opposite side.

The boundaries of neutral China are rather vague, and I do not think that either one of the combatant forces would bother very much over a matter of a hundred miles or so, but it is the generally accepted opinion that the boundary is marked by the town of Shan-hai-kwan, where the Great Wall of China comes



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL KONDRATOVITCH

He was in command of all the Russian forces west of Port Arthur and the Liaotung Peninsula, until the Japanese advance made it impossible for the defenders to hold the frontier. His army, therefore, has fallen back to mobilize with the main strength under General Kuropatkin. General Kondratovich directed the evacuation of Newchwang, which he had fortified and expected to be able to hold indefinitely.

down over the mountains to the sea. The Chinese Government has massed between thirty and forty thousand of the best picked imperial troops at the Great Wall, ostensibly to protect the district from bands of robbers, but, as the robber bands never number more than a hundred, it is not hard to imagine the real reason for this mobilization of the forces. The Government at Peking has certainly been very much alarmed over the situation, and had it not been for the pressure brought to bear by the foreign ministers, the court would undoubtedly have fled as it did during the Boxer troubles. The advice to remain was accepted, but at the same time the Government began to throw an immense force toward Peking and the frontier until there are now nearly one hundred thousand troops within easy striking distance of the present scene of action. I do not know what provocation would call for action from them, nor what influence has been brought to bear on their leaders by either of the belligerent forces, but should these Chinese troops ever be thrown into the game they would come near to constituting the balance of power necessary to make the end certain for the side with which they allied themselves. These Chinese troops are by no means the same that fought the Japanese ten years ago, for they are well trained on European ideas, and are as splendid a body of men as I have seen in the field for some time.

The arrangement with China, whereby all of the foreign countries maintain a "legation guard" in China, creates a peculiar state of affairs. The various countries keep a sufficient force to guard their interests in Peking and along the railway as well. At every station through the district of the north the platform is filled with soldiers of every nation. French, German, Italian, British, Japanese, Austrian, Russian, and others meet every train that arrives. As the station is more distant from Peking the numbers of the soldiers grow less, except in cases where the country has interests in that locality. As the train leaves Taku for the Manchurian frontier there are very few soldiers except the Japanese, German, and Russian, and when it arrives at Shan-hai-kwan there are none about but the Japanese and the Russians. Here the two are calmly walking up and down the station platform without so much as a glance at each other. It is a curious situation where the soldiers of the two countries at war practically live together and within a hundred miles of the scene of the hostilities. It really gives Japan an enormous advantage to have this neutral outpost within such short distance of the Russian lines, and under such conditions that Russia can neither drive them out nor prevent their presence. The arrangement allows Japan to watch the Chinese railway, to see that no contraband of war or supplies go across the frontier to Russia, and also allows her to question the passengers returning from Newchwang as to the state of affairs there and as to the disposition of troops. The steward of the dining-car that runs almost the entire distance to the Russian lines is a Japanese, and undoubtedly is working for the Government. The system of secret service work on both sides is most remarkable, although the Japanese have much the simpler problem, as it is not difficult for their secret service men to disguise themselves as Chinese and go where they like in the Russian lines. I think, however, that the number sup-

posed to be working on the Russian railways, with the intention of blowing it up, is greatly exaggerated, for the coolies have been carefully watched to prevent this very thing. It is not an unusual sight to see a Cossack walk up to a Chinaman and grasp his long braid of hair and give it a sharp pull to see that it is really his own. If a Chinaman coils his queue up under his hat he is suspected immediately, especially if he looks at all like a Japanese. For the present there is nothing but snow and mud, and the war is anything but picturesque; and, with all of the rumors and fancies pertaining to a secret campaign, it is hard to say what really is happening.

JAPAN IN THE HOUR OF VICTORY

By ARTHUR MAY KNAPP

Collier's Special Correspondent at Yokohama

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YOKOHAMA, April 15

IF chivalric courtesy be the finest flower of civilization, there should be an end in the West to the disparaging talk about Japan's being an uncivilized country. It will be remembered that when Admiral Ting, after the destruction of the Chinese fleet under his command at Wei-hai-wei, died by his own hand, the respect paid to his memory by the Japanese revealed to the Occident the existence in a "heathen" land of a finer sentiment of honor than that of which Europe's Age of Chivalry ever dreamed. Yesterday, when the tidings of Russia's great disaster reached the capital, there was an even more significant demonstration of the instinctive sense of courtesy which is ingrained in the character of this people. Respect for a brave man and genuine regret for his untimely end overbore every feeling of exultation at the crippling of the enemy's forces. Not even the tremendous impulse given to the nation's hope of ultimate victory could temper the feeling of the honor due to courage, the



JAMES F. J. ARCHIBALD

COLLIER'S CORRESPONDENT WITH THE RUSSIAN ARMY

Chosen as one of seven foreign representatives permitted to join the Russian General Staff in the field, Mr. Archibald was at Newchwang when the official order came to proceed to headquarters. A cable message received a week before the battle on the Yalu said that he was about to start for Mukden. It is therefore almost certain that he was present at the first clash of the hostile armies at the Yalu



COMMANDER HIROSE, THE HOBSON OF JAPAN

He was in charge of one of the four steamers engaged in Admiral Togo's second attempt to block the entrance to Port Arthur, and lost his life while seeking to rescue a gunner, after the ship was torpedoed.

highest ideal in the range of Japanese thought. It may safely be said that had the fight occurred off the coasts of the Empire, and an opportunity given for funeral honors to Admiral Makaroff, there would have been such a demonstration of popular feeling as would have placed this nation among the most chivalrous of the peoples of the globe.

Generally speaking, it may be said that Japan's attitude in the hour of victory is as far as possible from

that which her detractors have prophesied would be the case. Not only has there been no faintest indication of the "cockyism" which, it was confidently predicted, would follow success in war, but never since the Empire was opened to the world has there been more kindness and courtesy shown to foreigners than is now being manifested. In this regard all prophecies have been put to shame. When Japan's initial diplomatic victory was gained, and, by the abolition of extraterritoriality, she took her place as an equal among the Western powers, not a few of the old alien residents here held that the result would be a general backing of the tumbrils to foreign doors to cart the inmates off to prison. Far from such being the case, the bringing of foreigners under Japanese jurisdiction has resulted not only in an access of courtesy on the part of the natives, especially of the officials, but in a reciprocal feeling of closer comradeship on the part of the aliens themselves. Identified with Japanese interests more closely than ever before, woven into the warp and woof of Japanese life, the last traces of the old antagonism are vanishing. Whereas in the Chino-Japanese war foreign feeling was against the nation, and the foreign press was almost a unit in predicting Japanese defeat and in disparaging Japanese victories, it is now difficult to find, outside the ranks of Russia's French allies, aught but confident hope and belief in this nation's continued and ultimate success.

The outpouring of foreign generosity in aid of the families of the men at the front has been almost without parallel even in this community, famed for its generous giving. Subscription lists without number are circulating, and no week passes without elaborate entertainments to swell the fund. The American Asiatic Association, on the occasion of the memorial service held on the fiftieth anniversary of Commodore Perry's treaty, pledged itself to contribute ten thousand yen toward the Perry Relief Fund. At a subsequent meeting of the Association held to redeem the pledge, not only was the amount exceeded, but there is a probability that it will be more than doubled, so ready is the

response given by all Americans in aid of the cause. Nor are the Japanese themselves by any means failing to do their part. Their contributions have already far passed the million mark, and there is as yet no sign of the flagging of the spirit of self-sacrifice. And with it all is the continuance of the same quiet self-confidence which from the beginning has marked the attitude of the nation. There is no hint of boastfulness in this self-confidence. It is based upon a consciousness of thorough preparedness which stands in marked contrast to the unpreparedness of the foe, whose boastfulness is that of the mere giant. Indeed, the phenomenal calmness of this people in the face of their tremendous task has no precedent in the history of warfare; and when to it are added the forces of a patriotic sentiment exceeding in intensity even religious fervor, of a national pride beyond that of which any denizens of the West are capable, and of a worship of courage deeper and more vital than that which has animated any votary of religious faith, there can be little doubt of the ultimate outcome of the struggle. Russia has indeed a vast army, but she will need it all upon the spot, here in the Far East, to overcome the viewless forces here in array against her.



AN INCIDENT ON THE ROAD TO PING-YANG

Observers have agreed that the one weakness of the Japanese Army is the cavalry force, the horses being small and the troopers poor riders. R. L. Dunn, Collier's special photographer, who went into Northern Korea with the Japanese vanguard, throws some light on this condition by this photograph and the following comment: "This will give some idea of what the Japs don't know about a horse. When I came upon the scene an officer was riding this horse, which had broken its leg. He had a Korean yanking the bridle and a Jap soldier beating the poor brute over the back with a club. The officer dismounted when I explained that a horse with a broken leg could not recover, and ought to be killed. He protested that the leg would mend in a few days, and that as long as the horse walked on three legs he didn't think it would suffer. My argument persuaded him to walk, at any rate, and he ordered the soldier to lead the crippled horse to Ping-Yang, a distance of 75 miles."

HEARST—A PERSONAL SKETCH

By ARTHUR BRISBANE

Mr. Brisbane is editor of the New York "Evening Journal" and acknowledged to be one of the ablest newspaper writers of the day; he has been closely associated with Mr. Hearst for years, and we have

invited him to contribute this personal sketch of his friend as a matter of fairness and news interest. We have printed his article exactly as he wrote it, without prejudice to our own editorial attitude



William Randolph Hearst

COLLIER'S WEEKLY asks for an article concerning William Randolph Hearst, and for "as many personal details as possible."

The article is written gladly. It is useful to inject truth into a mass of mean and commonplace falsehood.

It is a pleasure to contradict the contemptible attacks that have been made upon Mr. Hearst by men as far below him in moral character and integrity as they are in ability.

Hearst has a great work to do in the United States, and he means to do it.

He lives in a country where many have succeeded in spite of poverty, where many, having succeeded, forget or despise the poor, among whom they were formerly counted.

Hearst has succeeded in spite of wealth, a most unusual thing in this country.

In spite of wealth, he has worked on the side of those less fortunate than himself.

He has done more than any other man in the United States to spread among the people genuinely democratic ideas.

He is the only man of large fortune that has persistently attacked special privilege regardless of everything, save his desire to transform democratic generalizations into realities.

Hearst is forty-one years old. He looks younger, because of vigorous health, and because his life, even in this country of hard-working, right-living men, has been singularly free from dissipation.

Personal Characteristics

He is a type of northern manhood, a good deal over six feet tall, as was his father. His head is of large size and well developed, his eyes light gray, and his nose unusually long. Few men have made a great success in the world—outside of the sentimental realms of music and poetry—unless they had blue eyes. Blue eyes and a long nose combined give the best result in a human being.

Hearst is a teetotaler, and he does not smoke. But he is a teetotaler for himself—not for others. He combines a sensible life with an understanding of other men's rights.

In all of his newspapers, read by no fewer than five millions of people daily, he urges young men to leave whiskey alone. And he opposes vigorously the poisoning of young boys by cigarettes.

He also opposes prohibition. He believes in argument, in reasoning—not in coercion.

A peculiarity which seems most admirable to Hearst's friends, and hurts him among a certain class of blatant, self-advertising politicians, is his modesty. Hearst is one of the very few men in American public life who underestimate their own ability and personal importance.

Different in other ways from many of our popular politicians, he is a man of speculative mind, one who thinks deeply on abstract questions. He is many miles removed from the typical American handshaking politician.

He is a man with whom others do not easily get acquainted, and his acquaintance always inspires respect. He has physical courage and moral courage.

What is more important than anything else, Hearst is a man of fixed purpose.

His strength, and his usefulness to the country, lie in concentration.

He believes in definite ideas and principles.

He believes that the government should work for the benefit of a majority of the people, that a race, like a building, must be lifted from the foundation.

Mr. Hearst's Early Education

Fortunately for himself and for the public, Hearst was a public school boy. He went to the public school before going to Harvard. He was educated in a democratic American manner by a father who worked hard, and made his son realize that hard work is the important thing in life.

His aim, which he preaches constantly, is to make the public schools so good that even the richest man will have to send his children to the public school in order to give them the best possible education.

The leaders of the Democracy in New York City will testify that when they asked Hearst for his support, just after he had bought the "Journal," and asked him what he wanted, he told them that the only thing he wanted was the biggest possible appropriation for the public schools—and this, by the way, he got.

Hearst realizes that in development of the minds of children lies the hope of the future. He realizes and preaches that knowledge is the only remedy for social and political evils.

His ownership of great newspapers would be of incalculable benefit to this nation, if only because of his persistent advocacy of a better public education.

He is a man of unusually upright character, yet he is attacked in gossip and in editorials by men who are unworthy morally to associate with him.

He does not drink, smoke, or speculate, lives most simply and plainly, yet he is presented to the public as a man of the worst possible habits by those who know him not at all, or deliberately misrepresent him.

Many foolish persons, not a few editors among them, actually say that Hearst lacks ability as a newspaper man, does not have his own opinions, does not edit his own newspapers; "that he hires brains to do the work for him."

One of the minor editors on the "World," just after Hearst had taken hold of the "Journal" in New York, suggested an idea to Mr. Pulitzer.

He said to that venerable and wise journalist: "Mr. Pulitzer, Hearst is a rich young man who means to work hard and do his share in the world. Give him a page in the Sunday paper, write him up well, praise him for working and trying to do something, instead of spending his money foolishly, as most rich young men do."

Pulitzer replied with a quizzical look from his very piercing eye: "Young man, you are crazy. Keep your mind on the Sunday paper, that young man Hearst will give us plenty of work to attend to."

Mr. Pulitzer was a good prophet. When a war breaks out, Hearst engages his correspondents, arranges for ships, and maps out the work from beginning to end.

His Interest in the War

When the Spanish War broke out he offered to supply a regiment of cavalry at his own expense, to equip it, maintain it, and go to the front with it. This offer was made to and urged upon President McKinley through Senator Elkins. But it was refused.

At the outbreak of that war Mr. Hearst gave his steam yacht to the Government. He did not seize the opportunity to sell it, as did some eminently respectable gentlemen who affect to despise Hearst. He not only gave it outright, but he also paid the expense of putting it in shape to be used as a gunboat, the building of a steel deck forward, etc.

In offering to supply a regiment of cavalry and go to the front with it, Hearst was moved by no boyish desire to see a fight or craving for personal glory. He had advocated the war. He was even bitterly accused of bringing it on by men who were very cheerful when the war was over. He felt that he was at least partly responsible and that he ought to share the physical danger involved.

He finally succeeded in getting, at the last moment, an obscure appointment in the navy, but was not ordered on active service. Meanwhile he had chartered an extra ship for himself and gone to Santiago, determined at least to report the war, if he could not take a fighting hand in it. He reported the destruction of the fleet at Santiago for his own newspapers.

Among other statements that misrepresent Hearst was one—widely spread—to the effect that he made money from the war by selling papers, and was, therefore, anxious for the war.

In view of that statement, it may be worth mentioning that because of the war and the enormous expense of handling it in accordance with Hearst's ideas, the New York "Journal" while the war lasted was run at a loss that averaged three hundred thousand dollars a month—about ten thousand dollars per day. It is not likely that many individuals lost as much through the war as did Hearst.

It is ridiculous to be compelled to affirm that the most successful newspaper man in America understands his profession. Yet it is necessary to make that affirmation and to make it often, so ingeniously imaginative are the gentlemen of the conservative press.

Those who think that Hearst is not an editor may refer to Pulitzer or to Bennett. Those who think that he does not understand the mechanical details of his

business may refer to Hoe & Co., the great press manufacturers, or to the head of the printers' or pressmen's union in New York City. Hearst could take a press to pieces. He has suggested, and by insisting has secured, improvements in the Hoe product. Every newspaper man in America knows that his personal work has developed the art of newspaper illustration. He directs minutely every detail of his newspapers—editorial, reportorial, telegraphic, and mechanical.

As to Mr. Hearst's inception and direction of editorial policy and editorial writing, Samuel E. Moffatt, now an editorial writer on Mr. Pulitzer's staff, would serve as a good witness. Mr. Moffatt was formerly Hearst's principal editorial writer. He is unquestionably one of the ablest men in the profession. Under Mr. Hearst's personal direction, Mr. Moffatt had been conducting an energetic campaign in favor of the Nicaragua Canal.

The gentlemen at Washington finally decided to have the canal, subject to British control.

Moffatt knew that Hearst was intensely interested in the canal commercially for the sake of the West, as well as of the East, but especially because of its strategic importance to our navy. It might be that Hearst would want the canal built, even under disadvantageous circumstances. But, before approving the suggested scheme, he cabled for instructions to Hearst, who was then in Egypt on his way up the Nile.

Hearst cabled back at once the editorials which were published in his papers against the suggested surrender to the English, demanding that there be no canal at all unless it be an American canal. Those editorials killed the English project effectually, although the Englishmen found admirable support in most of the other New York newspapers.

He Edits His Papers Himself

All the other Hearst editorial writers can testify to the fact that Hearst initiates and directs the policy of his newspapers, that those editorials on national questions which attract the greatest attention are either written verbatim by him, or are paraphrases of his telegraphic or verbal instructions.

Mr. Bennett and Joseph Pulitzer, as is well known, outline by telegraph or letter to their editorial writers the important utterances of their newspapers. The orders of Hearst to his editorial writers, in detail and in number, are at least double Pulitzer's orders—a fact due partly, of course, to Mr. Pulitzer's unfortunate state of health. Mr. Hearst actually writes more than any other important editor and proprietor in America. Henry Watterson as a conspicuous editor should be excepted, but he is not an owner.

One word about Hearst's activity on behalf of the people and against the trusts. Mr. Einstein, of the firm of Einstein & Townsend, was formerly counsel for Mr. Hearst's newspapers in New York City. He has been succeeded by Mr. Shearn. Mr. Einstein will testify that a lawyer who undertakes to carry out Mr. Hearst's instructions in regard to public fights will be kept busy. The mere statement that a thing is impossible has no effect upon Hearst whatever. The fact that it is pronounced impossible simply makes Hearst all the more determined to do it. The attacks upon the Ramapo water steal, the Gas Trust, the Coal Trust were all initiated by Mr. Hearst and carried out under his personal direction. The mass meetings, organized at no little expense, were ordered by Hearst, and on his orders the many fights were made in court. In short, Hearst manages literally every detail of his newspapers, and devotes all of his time to them.

He has really no other interest, and no other pleasure, outside of his home life.

His first child, a son, was born on the 23d of last month. It is to be hoped, for the people's sake, that this boy will grow up, and that, like his father, he will use his money and his energies in fighting for the people's rights, even at the risk of being called anarchist, revolutionist, and incompetent, as a reward for useful public effort.

Hearst Will Own Fifty Newspapers

As an editor and an editor only, apart from political office, Hearst would do an enormous amount of good for years to come, more perhaps than any other man in the United States. If he lives, he will, within a few years, publish at least fifty newspapers, and reach every day practically the whole population of the United States. He owns and edits now nine morning and evening newspapers. When his papers shall be published everywhere the public official who betrays his trust will be called a traitor in every corner of this Republic, and the people will know that he is a traitor.

Those very men who hate Hearst, because he interferes with their schemes of plunder, would be the first to admit that it is absolutely impossible to influence him by any argument foreign to the public welfare. With some other newspapers they use successfully various arguments, not too creditable sometimes.

Against Hearst their only weapon is slander. They

use it with a vigor that is almost admirable. If the people should actually appreciate and reward a man who works for them, they would not be disappointed in Hearst.

They would not put in office a man full of revolutionary ideas, eager to turn the country upside down, to overthrow in a month or in a year an established social system.

They would elect to office a real man, one independent of every other, anxious only to work for the majority to whom he would owe the honor conferred upon him.

They would put in office a genuinely conservative man, whose conservatism would consist in preserving the rights of the individual, and especially the rights of the collective mass as against the predatory few. They would put in office a man in whose eyes the richest scoundrel in the United States would be no more impressive, and far less worthy of gentle treatment, than the ordinary man who steals a pair of shoes.

If Hearst were made President, it would not be a happy day for the gentlemen in whose brains lie, yet un-

born, the future Ship Trusts, Steel Trusts, Coal Trusts, etc. But it would be a very good day for those who believe that the President of the United States should be known to the people and selected by them—not some dummy pronounced safe by the financiers that control the public purse.

The random statements written here about Hearst are true. They are based on personal knowledge.

Whether Hearst be nominated for the Presidency or not, some things will be proudly remembered by his friends.

The position that he has made for himself.

Every dishonest man on a big scale in the United States would dread his election. Every open violator of the law fears him and dislikes him. He is cordially hated by the lawbreakers in Sing Sing as well as by the lawbreakers in Wall Street. He has thousands of friends among the poor people, whose battles he has honestly fought.

He stands thus far as the only really self-made candidate for nomination by the Democrats, and he stands very far above the quiet dummies whom the trusts are

trying to push into prominence, that they may control both nominees.

The fight of the trust-owners and of the corruptionist Democrats everywhere is made against Hearst. He is the man they fear; their only thought is to find some Democrats that can be used to beat him. They do not care what the Democrat's name is. Hearst has built up a strong position for himself as a result of his twenty years of hard newspaper work. He and his friends may be proud of it.

And if not nominated for the Presidency he will continue to be what he is now—a much more influential and a much more useful man to the Republic than nine out of ten Presidents in our history.

Incidentally, the colorless editors throughout the country might observe that it is a good thing to have principle and fight for it. They might ask themselves if it would not be better to try on their own account to do something for the public, instead of using their energies in attacking Hearst, who has worked to make the American newspaper what it ought to be, a constant voice, representing the majority of the American people.

THE NEWSPAPER SHELL GAME

By NORMAN HAPGOOD

NEWSPAPERS have on American morals and thought an influence hardly second to the schools, and greater than the Church. Many of them teach, more persistently than anything else, a contemptuous disregard for truth.

They lie about their circulation. They use the cry of "Extra" to get readers on false pretences. They exaggerate every happening to the degree of falsity. They have invented type which enables them the better to lie about the news.

CZAR'S DEATH

FORETOLD BY GYPSY

is a typical headline, intended to bunco each buyer out of one cent. In any war this forgery method of the press runs riot. The perverting press loves war, in spite of the temporary loss in advertising, because it means news and circulation, from which advertising, power, and money follow soon. After McKinley was shot, agitation, falsity, and malice subsided somewhat, but the temptation to play on class and party hatred, and to tell a lie when the truth will not suffice can hardly be resisted by any owner who has cast himself for the rôle of demagogue. Let us take the leader.

Hearst sells newspapers. Rockefeller sells oil. I should not wish to say which is the greater hypocrite or the more evil influence. One can hire Legislatures and give money to religion. The other can pay a journalist the salary of a United States President to write editorials for him and to tell people, if need be, with great skill, what a modest, virtuous, self-sacrificing lover of the people his employer really is, and what a great editor; and the people must believe part of these stories about the employer's character and powers, just as they must believe part of the news printed in his newspapers. When the yellowest papers print a lie they do not take the space next day to deny it. Even if what they say about the Christlike nature of their proprietor, or some other topic, is couched in other papers, those other papers are never seen by thousands who are reached by the class of journals headed by the Hearst newspaper trust.

It is of more importance, said the opening editorial of Mr. Hearst's new Boston paper, *what a newspaper believes than what it does*. Let us see what this little sentence means; for it is a clever sentence, as most of Mr. Brisbane's sentences are.

It means that a newspaper owner may on one page tell all the lies that will help his business, provided on another he solemnly prints in display letters that "it is IMPORTANT to tell the TRUTH."

It means that if he attacks gambling on one page, he may devote several other pages to making gambling attractive.

It means that he may take money for advertisements of alcoholic "medicines," provided he writes against drunkenness; as Mr. Rockefeller may get money by corruption, provided he mumbles over the eighth commandment.

Mr. Hearst, believing wealth unpopular, makes a display of attacking wealthy men. He always holds them personally responsible for everything that is done by the corporations of which they are a part. He wishes every rich director put in jail. He attacks Mr. August Belmont for being president of the Jockey Club, which he describes as an institution for the promotion of gambling.

Well, what is the "New York American"?

In the morning week-day issue of the day on which I write, half of the front page is given to racing, all of the second page, except half a column of advertising, all of one other page, except a little advertising about old doctors who cure diseases of men, and a few inches of prize-fighting and other "sports." This page includes "tips," telling how to bet, furnished free to its readers by the "American." It also includes advertisements trying to induce people to send money on the chance of winning large amounts by guessing the winning racers. And Mr. Hearst is so very noble in his attacks on racing and on

NOTE.—Some editorials Mr. Hapgood has written in Collier's about the Hearst boom and what it stands for, have provoked sufficient discussion to warrant a longer article than the editorial page permits. Having invited Mr. Brisbane to contribute his view of Mr. Hearst, we have asked Mr. Hapgood to say something from the other side. His article is addressed particularly to those readers of Collier's editorial page who, while conceding our fairness in general and not accusing us of being a paid mouthpiece of the trusts, consider that we have dealt harshly with Mr. Hearst, whom they describe as "a true friend of the people."

Mr. August Belmont! In this very issue I find a pure-minded editorial accusing President Clowry of being a criminal because the Western Union furnishes to pool rooms news about the races.

I open the "Evening Journal," edited by Mr. Brisbane for Mr. Hearst, to see what view of life it encourages in the people. On the principal news page I find articles on the following topics: Murder, 8; bigamy, 2; other crimes, 6, accidents, 7; insanity, jilting, and spirit revelations, Japanese monkeys, and how they are now breeding from patriotic motives; eighteen articles, mostly the smaller ones, covering foreign and domestic news, from the port at which Cornelius Vanderbilt's yacht is stopping to the largest fish ever received at Fulton Market. In space this page of "news of the world condensed," giving the general scope of the paper's interest and influence, devotes about six columns to crime and horror, and about one to those other interests of life on which it deems its readers worthy to be informed.

The yellow newspapers do good, incidentally, when it is not inconsistent with their advantage. Take the two leaders: Why is it that the highest type of men concerned in journalism have some respect for Mr. Pulitzer and none for Mr. Hearst? It is, in part, because of personal acquaintance with the two men, but more because in one of Mr. Pulitzer's newspapers there is some degree of sincerity, and even of independence. There is some disregard of truth also, but newspaper men forgive much. Mr. Hearst they do not forgive, for he has only exaggerated what was bad in Mr. Pulitzer and abandoned what was good. Modesty,

too, is popular, and Mr. Pulitzer is a fairly modest man. Mr. Hearst's name was printed in one day, in one of his many papers, in one of the many issues, 28 times on the editorial page, 20 times on the second page, 27 on the third, 40 on the fourth, and 64 on the sixth, or 179 in all. Mr. Pulitzer, whatever his faults, is known as a man without petty qualities—and that is something. Nor has Mr. Pulitzer ever been known as a man who used his newspapers to terrorize with scandal his political opponents. The "New York American" is now exploiting the private troubles of the Villard family, because the "Evening Post" attacked Hearst as a candidate. Mr. Ochs is now suing Mr. Hearst and Mr. Brisbane for making up the story that August Belmont owned the "Times," a story concocted in order to punish that paper for opposing the Hearst candidacy. When I began to write against Mr. Hearst's modest political pretensions, I was warned that if there was anything in my life which I wished kept private I had better hold my peace. Mr. Pulitzer has, I believe, been impersonal. He, the pioneer, knew enough, as Hearst has known after him, to hire able subordinates, but it was only as editors, not as press agents. Mr. Hearst is the first man to be run for President by his employees.

When the United States became a nation, the founders hoped that the old story of aristocracy and demagogue might never be enacted here. Shall we be able to preserve our pure, fair democracy, with the Rockefeller's attacking it from one direction and the Hearsts from the other? I think we shall. We shall be victimized neither by plutocracy nor by the friend-of-the-people shell game. If Mr. Brisbane would allow me to write one of his editorials for him, I should contribute this:

LISTEN.

To the billion readers in our Hearst family, ONE WORD.

Let them EXAMINE this paper.

They will find over a page of advertisements by quack doctors, of a kind which reputable papers will not print.

They will find masses of advertisements on patent medicines. One contains 44 per cent of alcohol. One, advertised as "safe," contains over 35. WE KNOW they are poison.

We aid and abet clairvoyants, palmists, astrologers, and card-readers. Why do we carry all these schemes to CHEAT THE POOR?

Did you ever study proportion?

Neither has the poor savage of Australia; but we have, and our morality is determined by the ratio of cost to what we get out of it.

As it is in these petty swindles, so it is in the larger bunco games of politics.

We defend the poor when it PAYS.

We cheat the poor when it PAYS.

THINK IT OVER.

There are confidence games that I like better.

Shall the soul of yellow journalism spread over our politics and into our private life? George Washington saw in a demagogic press one of the gravest dangers, even a century and more ago, before any man had money enough to become a newspaper trust alone.

"High finance" is able to secure the ablest legal talent, to play every known trick upon the courts—for money.

The wealthy owner of a newspaper, or syndicate of newspapers, is able to secure the ablest journalists, to play every trick upon the people—for money.

The trust lawyers know their business.

So do the yellow editors. As a matter of mere ability I take off my hat, if not to Mr. Hearst, yet to his writers and defenders. If any force can change this free and happy land into an Old-World fighting-ground for hatred, they can; and then will the gloomy prophecies of Washington come true.



VICE-ADMIRAL SKRYDLOFF

This officer was appointed to succeed Admiral Makaroff in command of the Russian naval forces in the Far East. Since his departure from St. Petersburg the Japanese have beleaguered Port Arthur



PASSING THROUGH SAI-MUN ON THE ROAD TO PING-YANG



Dr. Haraguchi Capt. Iwata Lieut. Imamura Gen. Sasaki Major Tazaki
GENERAL SASAKI AND STAFF, IN COMMAND OF THE TROOPS



THE FORTY-SIXTH INFANTRY REGIMENT MARCHING THROUGH TAI-TONG, OPPOSITE PING-YANG

THE OCCUPATION OF PING-YANG

PHOTOGRAPHS BY R. L. DUNN, COLLIER'S SPECIAL WAR PHOTOGRAPHER WITH THE JAPANESE ARMY IN

Under date of March 21 Mr. Dunn writes from Seoul: "I returned here overland late last night from Ping-Yang. I spent twenty-two days in and near that city, getting as far north as Sunan. At every place I was able to get some good pictures. I went further north than any other newspaper man and secured pictures no one else got. There was only one way to send you pictures from the North, and that was by special messenger overland to Seoul, sometimes a distance of more than two hundred miles. I have learned that the mail and pictures I posted the day I left Ping-Yang have never gone, and upon arriving at Seoul I learned that not half my messengers had arrived here. All mail was opened at Ping-Yang, and, judging from the way I was watched day and night, I am certain that the Japs did not send my mail. After finding I was under guard I organized the overland messenger service. On the way back to Seoul I saw Korean

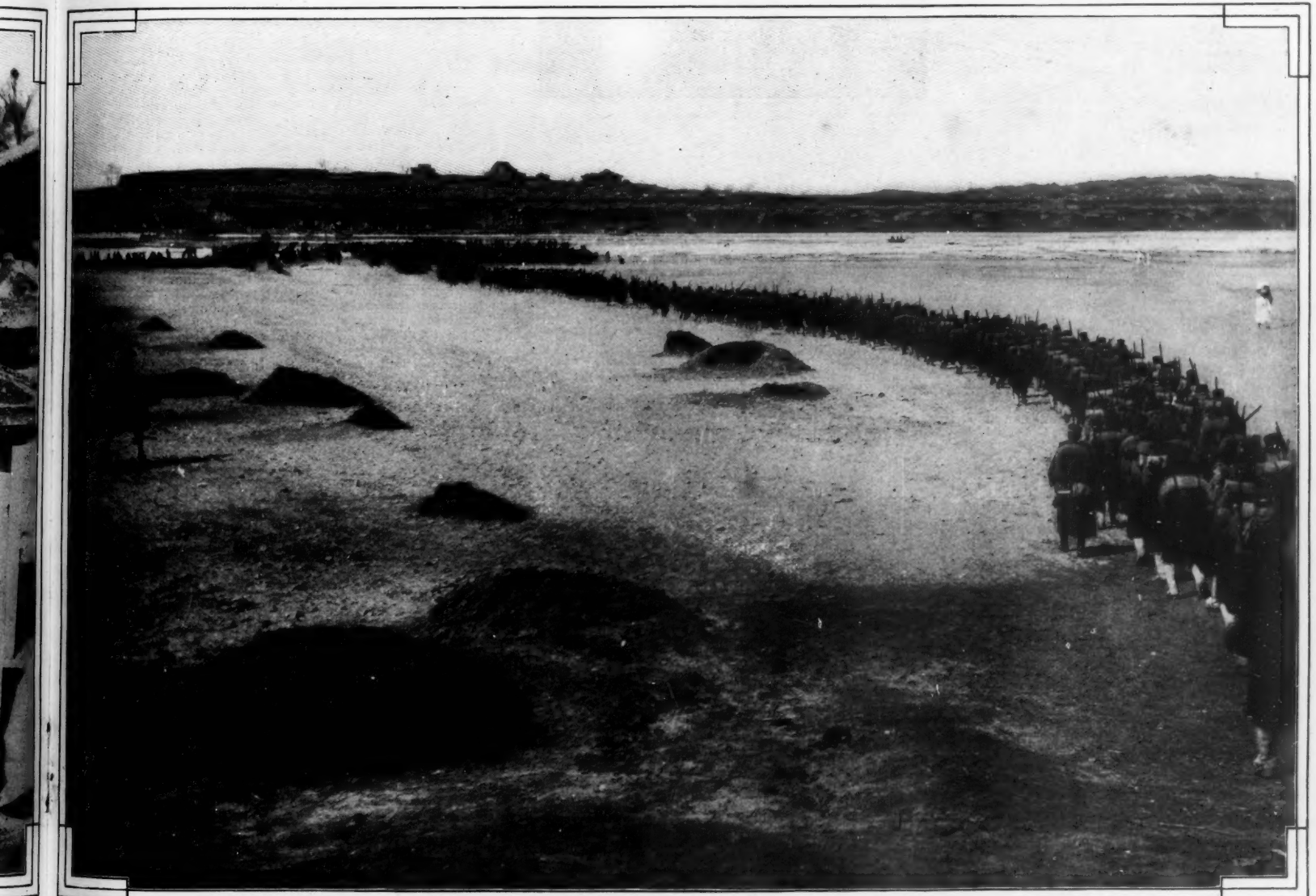
coolies stopped every day and searched by the soldiers. I knew then that I had a hard time going and coming from the North. The overland travel six days' trip to Ping-Yang, over mountain with no place to sleep by the Japs, as many as twenty-five sleeping in one small room. The Seoul to Ping-Yang, so that nothing was left for me to do on the return carrying my provisions and films on pack ponies. . . . I was the first to find fine scenes at once, and getting them away before the other men. No end of worry among the correspondents at Tokio, every man there



Major Tachibana Capt. Makayama Lieut. Kajinara
AND OF THE TROOPS WHICH TOOK POSSESSION OF PING-YANG



DRILLING IN THE FIELDS ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF PING-YANG



THE FOURTEENTH INFANTRY REGIMENT MARCHING OVER THE SAND FLATS OF THE TAI-TONG RIVER TO ENTER PING-YANG

PING-YANG BY THE JAPANESE ARMY

WITH THE JAPANESE ARMY IN KOREA. PHOTOGRAPHS COPYRIGHT 1904 BY COLLIER'S WEEKLY

soldiers. I knew then that all of my messengers could not have escaped. The overland travel at this season is most difficult. It is a good mountain with no place to sleep at night, every village being taken on one side room. The advancing army occupies the roadway from me to the return trip but to travel over frozen rice fields. I was the first correspondent to arrive at Ping-Yang, getting there before the other men arrived. My presence at Ping-Yang caused Tokio, every man there complaining about my being permitted North

while they were held in Tokio. The Japanese Consul at Ping-Yang told me that complaints were coming to him daily, and that I must leave. After getting him to round up the other correspondents at Ping-Yang I returned from the North and we all started on the return trip. The other men chose to go to Chenampo to await the boat, but I preferred traveling overland, and upon my arrival at Seoul I learned that my friends had been driven from Chenampo by the military authorities and were compelled to follow me over the rice fields."

Since writing this letter Mr. Dunn has been compelled to return to Tokio in order to obtain credentials that will enable him to accompany the Japanese army with official sanction. He was assigned late in April to the third expedition, of which fact he advised us by cable, but he was not allowed to inform us of the destination of this army corps

THE GIRL OF THE VIOLIN

By Katharine M.C. Meredith

Illustrated by

A. I. KELLER

IT WAS an afternoon in December, and each window of the library at Marsh Hall framed a stretch of white Long Island landscape touched to flame color, where the setting sun was reflected in the sheets of thin ice which, here and there, covered the marsh land. Away off beyond it all a gray sea pounded upon a gray shore. Within, blazing logs illuminated the red leather of the library.

Hewitt Webb walked to the fire. Dawson had said that Mrs. Mills would see him there. Mrs. Mills was the Matilda of his past. Sometimes she had even been Tillie. With the latter he had been in love at one time, although he had never quite approved of her except later as the wife of another man. And now she had a fashion of asking him down to the Hall just often enough to make him feel that he would like to go, always sending him back to town again before he became restless. Matilda Mills never overdid anything. "Well—here you are!" The voice was bell-like.

"Here I am!"

"Were you glad to be asked?" tinkled the voice again.

"I am here," Webb replied, with an economical transposition of words.

"My dear—you have saved my life! Such a stupid crowd as are down just now! All of them George B.'s friends except Lucy—she's mine." George B. was Matilda's husband.

"Lucy who?"

"Lucy Reeves—the girl with the violin."

"A girl with a violin!" Webb began to draw on his gloves and looked at the door.

"Don't worry, my friend—this one is different."

"Impossible!"

"Well—nine chances out of ten she will not play. She has to be in just the right mood!"

"Oh! moods—and a violin—Tillie, how could you? Let me go now and come again some other time." He took out his watch. "I could catch the five-fifteen."

"Perhaps; but you will not. Besides, I asked you on purpose for her!"

Webb regarded his hostess with horror.

"For her! I am to be sacrificed?"

"Not at all. But you are to study her. I think she is a case."

"Oh, shop!" Webb was becoming a noted alienist. "Well—shop—then. She is the dearest little thing in the world. But any one can see that her music is killing her. Why, the last time I heard her play she fainted."

"Fudge! pretence."

"No, she *did*!"

"And I am to save her—"

"—from Art; it is killing her!" Matilda nodded solemnly.

"And my rôle is to be?"

"That of Love," retaliated Matilda.

"Not science, then?"

"Oh, bother science!" Matilda cried with disrespect. "You can't be serious! Ah, not you—that is what you never were and never will be!" Webb settled himself comfortably, crossing his legs, and began to remove his gloves with an air of relief.

"But I always was—about other people! And she's such a duck!"

"Pretty?"

"Oh, of course, that's as one might fancy."

"Like you, then?"

"Not in the least. She's very gentle, appealing, dove-like."

"And plays the violin! Impossible! Where is she to-day?"

"Riding with the rest—such a set!"

"She rides well?"

"Oh, but like a greenhorn—"

Just then a log in the fireplace fell with a crash, the embers blazed up into a ruddy crimson, and the sparks danced merrily. When Webb and Matilda turned to look at each other again a girl stood just before them.

Matilda gave the most perfect little gasp of pretended alarm.

"How long have we been a party of three? Why, Lucy! We were talking about you!"

Webb, being a man, felt and acted a little more ill at ease. He was very sure of his own awkwardness as he rose and remained standing by Miss Reeves.

"I was reading—in the window over there." She was in her habit and hat, while a crop was in the hand which held her book. "I came home a half-hour ago—just before you, I fancy!"—looking at Webb musingly. "I was so interested I never noticed you were here—or you, Matilda—until a moment ago."

Matilda bit her lips and wondered hard and long. Webb tried to retrace their fragmentary conversation and studied the new face. As Lucy Reeves was tranquilly regarding the fire he had an unrivaled opportunity for doing so. These are his impressions:

In the first place her calm seemed to him assumed. A high color stained her cheeks and the delicate brows were drawn together with a stern intensity. The face was a very pure one. The childish nose was tilted, as



As the men lingered over their coffee, the notes of a violin were heard

if in maidenly disdain of a world too coarse for its taste. The mouth was sweet and looked as if it might fall into lines of grief easily. Her form was extremely slight, hipless, and she stood as daintily poised as a bird, a little shy, and as if eager to fly away.

As Webb looked at her the impression was forced upon him that she had heard nothing of their silly conversation because of a preoccupation of mind. It seemed to him that the girl was mentally absorbed with some subject in which he and Matilda bore no part.

Matilda, leaning forward, grasped one of the girl's hands.

"You witch—didn't I see you ride away with the rest?"

"Yes, but I ran away from the others. I came home alone"—diffidently.

"How was that?" Matilda opened her eyes very wide.

"Dopy ran."

"He ran! Weren't you afraid?"

"Not of the horse," said the girl slowly, as if to herself, while her eyes traveled gradually from the fire to the window where the darkness outside was veiling the icy marshes.

"Of what, then?" asked Webb, as Matilda went from them to the tea-table.

She did not appear to hear him, and the room seemed suddenly to fill as the four men and women who entered it were noisy and excited. The two men sought the fire. The women took seats, one on either side of Matilda, at the tea-table.

"What possessed her? To ride like that!" cried one of the women.

All were looking good-naturedly at Miss Reeves. She walked with a timid, uncertain step to a table where she laid aside her book and crop in order to take the tea which Webb brought her.

"Is it a novel?" he added, as he saw her turn a leaf in the book before closing it.

"No—yes."

"What is it called?"

"Oh, it's just a foolish sort of thing."

Webb fetched muffins and tea, talked stocks and turf, and then he came to the book where the girl had left it. It was Binet's "Alterations of Personality." The page turned was one in a chapter devoted to an analysis of the case of one "Selida." He ran his eye rapidly over the chapter, catching a sentence here and there. "Variations which take the form of two or more personalities in the same individual," he read. "Perfectly healthy people may be found among these."

"In these phenomena, we may see an example of double personality." And so on. He remembered having read the book some years ago. How had it happened to find a lodging on the shelves of George B.'s library? What possible interest could it possess for such a girl? And why had the girl lied in saying that it was a novel? As he looked up from the pages he met her eyes steadily regarding him.

"Why the fib?" he asked, going over to her, book in hand.

"I don't know," slowly.

"You know, but you won't tell?"

"Oh," she stammered, and he noticed that her voice had a sweet flute-like quality.

Still holding the book, he tried to draw her out. But she would have none of his ideas. She seemed quite suddenly collapsed into a schoolgirl, who would not be interested in Binet's "Alterations of Personality," and very soon ran away from their circle and up the stairs to her room. Webb laid the book on a table at his side. When he came down just before dinner it was not there.

That night, as the men lingered over their coffee and cigars, the notes of a violin were heard.

It was a mad air, thrilling, mocking, and dying finally in notes of an infinite despair. Such music! Full of fire, turmoil, and riotous life! What secret of the underworld—what disaster—was disclosed by its impetuous notes? And the horrible charm of it all! Whose was the master hand capable of evoking such emotion, of displaying such consummate technic? Webb knew at once. He heard the stir which broke the silence after the last note, and went with the others into the music room. As he entered he saw Lucy leave by an opposite door. Slipping through the hall and into the library, he met her as she sought to make her escape.

"You play like that?" he cried.

"Was it I?" she called in a harsh voice, as she flew past him, eluding his outstretched arm.

II

ON TUESDAY, at a quarter of two, Webb entered his consultation room, a small parlor just back of that which served for a general office. The house was a narrow, rather old-fashioned one in the thirties, and just off from Fifth Avenue. The weather was milder in town, and a sticky slime covered all of the pavements, while a cold drizzle which was more than rain and less than snow filled the air with its discomfort. As he stood, a card was brought to him. While looking at it in bewilderment, Miss Reeves was shown into the room.

She greeted him in a quiet, self-possessed way, and seated herself with dainty grace in the chair indicated by him. He looked closely at her face. Its features were set in an earnest fixity of purpose. Suddenly he discovered that she was less embarrassed than himself, and fell into silence awaiting her first word.

"I have been worried for some time about a matter," said she quietly. "The matter of my brain. Dr. Webb, I am anxious to be examined as to my sanity."

Webb stared, and then walked a few steps up and down the room.

"Your sanity!" he repeated. "Oh, is that all?" and he smiled at her.

But the girl did not return the smile.

"Well, let us get at it," he said genially, and, sitting just opposite her, leaning a little toward her, he asked her rapidly a great many questions, to all of which she replied with great care and seemingly conscientious effort. No, her head or spine had never sustained injury. The facts of her heredity were given. Then came the physical tests, submitted to with the same apparent earnest eagerness. She showed a keen intelligence as to the subject. Webb breathed more and more easily, and gradually assumed a friendly, laughing air, as of one who has humored a child. Finally he sat and looked at her with admiration.

"How did you, may I ask, come to know so well just what questions might be put to you?"

"I have read a lot."

Webb shook his head. "Oh, if women would leave such books alone."

"But I have suffered terribly."

"Well, you have answered my questions. I find nothing to suggest any reason why you should have come to me."

"You would call me—normal?"

"Most certainly."

"You have not asked me as to any fancy in regard to any unpardonable sin!" She looked at him eagerly.

"Have you committed one?" he returned, smiling.

"No." She hesitated. "You have not asked if I am ever any one else—not Lucy Reeves."

"Are you?" He lifted his eyebrows and regarded her shrewdly.

"I am." She breathed it out defiantly. "Now you will say that I am insane!" She looked at him.

His face was imperturbable.

"Tell me all about it."

And then in a torrent of words, and finally with sighs and tears, she told him.

"Wait," he said. "Have you ever told any one else?"

"Never!"

"And this person, whom you are at times—who is it?"

"It is a man." She looked at him, rebelling at his expression. "I tell you it is so—he takes possession of me whenever he wills. I am at his mercy. Lucy Reeves is just a girl—like any girl—except for him."

"When did it all begin?"

"Two years ago—when the violin I now have was sent me by Aunt Julie from the other side."

"Had you read books on nerve disorders before this feeling—came upon you?"

"Never! I tell you, I was just like other girls."

"And in just what do you differ now?"

"It was like this: I was always fond of a violin. I began to study when I was nine—ten years ago. I was patient and plodding, but I never got beyond a certain point. I never have got beyond a certain point. He does that."

"Who?"

"I don't know *who*, but it is a man, and not I." She sat looking sullenly at the fire.

"But why are you so sure it is a man?"

"I know it—that is all," she repeated obstinately.

"Have you ever seen him?"

"No, never!" She shuddered.

"And the other night at Marsh Hall?"

"It was he who played—"

"It was he?"

"Yes—and, oh, another thing! It was he who rode Dopy that afternoon. Dr. Webb, I think the horse knew. I am a timid horsewoman. I hated to mount that day. I never shall again—that is, if I can help it!" And the girl burst into tears.

"Has *that* phase ever occurred before?"

"No, only that of the violin."

"Why do you play at all? Why not drop music for a while?"

"Ah! Would I not be glad to do so! But I can not. The thought takes possession of my mind—I must go to the violin—must handle it. And then—he does as he likes."

"Do you dream of him?"

"No, thank God!"

"Does he come in any other way?"

"No. But I forgot to say that my voice grows harsh and horrid at such times. I seem to hear it so."

"Where did your aunt get the violin?"

"She never told me."

"And you do not know to whom it belonged?"

"No—that is—" She hesitated.

"What were you going to say? Keep nothing from me."

"Once I had an uneasy night. When I awakened I seemed to feel that I had walked in my sleep. I saw on the table at my bedside the writing pad I had left on my desk."

"The writing pad you *thought* you had left on your desk," Webb interrupted quietly. "Go on."

"Well"—she clasped her hands nervously—"it was there—and on it these words in a strange hand: 'I must live again through you at times. The violin is the one I pawned at Paris. I was crowded out of life.—André Proust.'"

"Was it in pencil?"

"Yes. And I found the pencil under my pillow."

"And your doors?"

"Were locked on the inside as I left them the night before."

Webb arose. "And what are your own thoughts about this incident, Miss Reeves?"

"That he wrote it with my hand during the night—just as he plays his own violin with my hand," she replied obstinately. "I feel—"

"Feel!" snorted Webb. "Oh, you women and your feelings! What do they amount to!"

He walked up and down the room a moment, then came again and stood before her.

"Do you want me to tell you what it all means?" he asked very kindly.

She looked her assent.

"Just this, then. When you wrote, you *acted your dream*. Do you understand? And when you play on the violin—you *dream while awake*. Do you understand that also?"

She faltered out a few low words.

"I know—I understand—I have read it—"

"Listen! I believe that you are an intelligent girl and will understand. In that way you will be able to help yourself. Now, my dear Miss Reeves, your case is quite simple—it is one of traumatic hysteria. You fancy you are at times another person, because the disease with you has a quite distinct phase. Of your two personalities one is normal, yourself—and from that we hope much; the other is distinctly pathological. In some way we shall cure you—possibly by some method of hypnosis. I will think it all over carefully and will write you when to come again. Meanwhile, cultivate your will power!"

As he talked the girl seemed to collapse before his eyes. Paler and paler she grew.

"It is true, and you can never help me in that way. And, Dr. Webb, sometimes I wonder if what you scientists call 'subjective selves' are not just spirits after all."

"Come, be sensible!"

She said no more, drank the glass of wine he offered her, and left the office. Webb watched her uneasily. It was an interesting case.

A week later he was surprised by a letter from her.

"After I left you the other day, my dear Doctor Webb," she wrote, "I did what you would certainly call a foolish thing. I went to a minister whom I knew as a kind good man. He told me practically just what you did. He said a lot to me about cultivating my will power and saving myself. I don't know exactly what I had hoped, but I think I wanted him to offer to pray for me."

"I have heard that in the Catholic Church they still

hold that prayer will cast out evil. But I know that science regards all these things as superstitions. Sometimes I have thought that perhaps that which they call 'superstition' was all that kept real religion alive, and that what appeared foolishness to our wise men was God's wisdom after all."

"We must not expect miracles. I shall just go on and do the best I can with my life. But I can never be like other girls."

"I am going away to-night. I am sure you will remember me as an interesting case. My address will be as below for a couple of months. Sincerely yours, "LUCY REEVES."

Webb read the letter several times. "A very lovable little girl," he thought. "All the more lovable because of her foolishness."

III

ALL this had happened in the December of 1902. In the February of the following year Webb dined with Mrs. Mills in town—a little dinner of six. Later all went to the Metropolitan to hear one of the operas of "Der Ring des Nibelungen." It was "Götterdämmerung." Their seats were in the stalls, and Webb sat next to Matilda, who had on her other side a man whose pose was that of a musician but whose genius was purely social. He talked in a dilettante fashion of the singers and the orchestra work, criticising Hertz, who was conducting the opera. Nordica, also, he whimpered, was not doing as well as in "Siegfried." Finally, toward the end of the evening his talk, which Webb styled drivell, and to which Matilda listened as if fascinated, drifted to the work of various violinists. He spoke in detail of an artist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and of a violin divertissement, "Nights in the Ukraine," and the "Death of Tintagiles," both of which, he argued, could only be interpreted by a man.

"But," he added in the falsetto voice Webb detested, "I make one exception. There is a curious girl in Boston—an American, strange to say—who can render them with terrible intellectual force. But she is an anomaly. She is a curious psychological study. She is wearing herself out with a hysterical frenzy which she throws into her rendering—really painful."

"You must mean Lucy Reeves!" exclaimed Matilda, and Webb started into a new interest as if stung.

"That is her name!" continued the dilettante.

"She played for us one night—last winter—down at

"But there is one thing about Lucy Reeves which would spoil any woman in my eyes. She has such a terrible voice, harsh, masterful—actually the voice of a man."

Matilda turned in astonishment. "Are you sure? There must be some mistake! Lucy has—as I recall it—a voice which is melody itself."

Matilda's dilettante shook his head. "It is far from being melodious now."

Webb felt strangely excited. He fidgeted, looked up and down, and then slowly across to where Lucy Reeves herself was sitting. She was leaning back in her seat and looking dreamily at the stage. Her fragility was startling. All the look of fresh bloom, the prerogative of girlhood, was gone. She was like a wisp of spirit tangled in a rag of tulle and flung in a graceful attitude into the chair she occupied. Webb looked steadily at her, and as he looked he marveled.

Was there an André Proust after all—an ill-starred soul from some mysterious underworld—a phantom rival? And what is this veil of personality which, lifting, reveals other egos peering from the obscurity of mind?

Was there less insanity in the world now that there were more alienists like himself? He knew that there was not.

What should he call it? Possession, or obsession, or hysteria, or what not? The girl belonged to him—had always belonged to him from the moment he met her. He felt that his own professional egotism had blocked the way. As he looked at her his whole awakened soul in his eyes, she turned and met his glance. He shuddered at the indescribable mournfulness of her look. She did not bow. She nodded slightly several times almost as if at her own thought. It was as if she said to him:

"I know—I know—and now you know, too—at last."

When he went to her, as he did at the first opportunity, it was as if they had but parted yesterday. And when they separated it was with the understanding that they were to meet on the morrow.

The next day he went to see her. Lucy received him alone. The change in her which had startled him the night before was even more apparent by day. As if she wished him to realize once for all the true condition of her health, she drew him by one hand to the window, and stood before him just where the heavy parted draperies allowed the full light of day to envelop her face and form. The curtains were of pale blue, and they found correspondent tints about the eyes and lips of the girl. Her skin seemed translucent, delicate as porcelain, and the head with its mass of bronze hair seemed too heavy for the support afforded it by the pale throat which arose from the simple waist of her pearl-colored cloth gown. Without a word she held her hands to the light, that he, the physician, might note their fragility. Each dainty finger was tipped with rose, each vein was outlined in azure—the wrists and hands seemingly of wax.

He stood with a sinking heart and noted each trace left by the advance of the Enemy.

She watched him keenly, the pupils of her wonderful eyes expanding slowly. Her lips quivered in a sob and then into words: "You are sorry?"

"Sorry! my God! Lucy—what does it all mean?"

She smiled up at him an inscrutable smile, in which was blended mockery, tenderness, and a strange triumph. It was as if the child in her nature was crying out to him, "I told you so!" But in a whisper she said, "I am lost."

"No! It is not so!" he cried.

"Who will save me?"

"I! I will!"

She sat in silence, and he saw tears steal silently over her wan cheeks.

"No," she shook her head. "You have not faith enough!"

"Lucy, science has a great many resources—"

She touched his lips with one fingertip. "Hush!"

"Why do you whisper, dear?" he asked anxiously. "Have you lost your voice?"

A gray pallor spread over her face and she seemed about to faint. "Yes—that is it, I have lost my voice," she murmured, and in her eyes he saw a bitter agony.

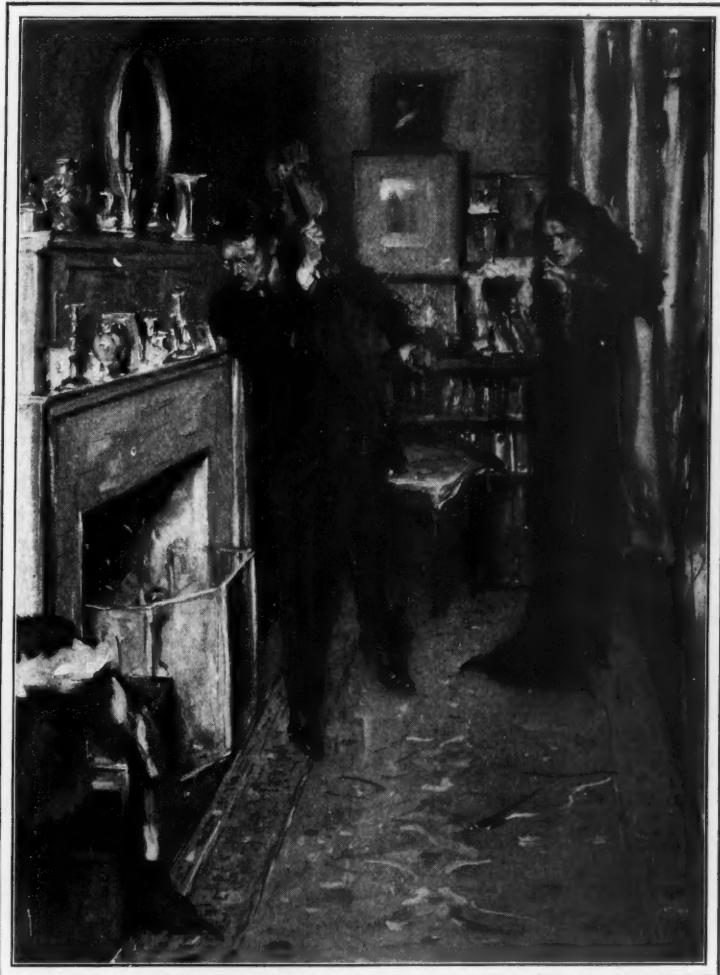
"Do you still believe—what you told me in my office that day?"

For an answer she bowed her head. The pathos, the resignation, of the motion was indescribable.

Webb pondered in vain for a suitable thing to say. He could not, did not, believe with her as to the awful power which overshadowed her.

Yet he had come to think that he could best influence her mind by pretending to do so. What could he say? What could he do? He was lover now as well as alienist. If he told her she was dying from auto-suggestion, what would that mean to her? She might reply by asking him to tell her just what the sub-consciousness was. She might ask him how he could be sure that it was a part of her ego. She might ask him to prove that it was not an entity separate from herself. He felt very helpless and ignorant quite suddenly. And he saw that whatever was to be done must be done at once.

"Dr. Webb, note every phase of my case—it may help you when others come to you as I did." The girl seemed very hoarse. "What was true then is true now—the music they think so wonderful is still his. (Continued on page 18.)



There was a rush, a struggle, a discordant twang of strings . . .

Marsh Hall. We were all thrilled—astounded—a mere child with the execution of a man."

"There is a mood—one must call it so—'Le Diable rôde et circule.' She goes quite mad over it, and her audience lives with her in a sort of Walpurgis Night. She has a wonderful grip on such work. One can not understand her. But she is wearing out."

"Her genius?"

"No—her physique. No woman could stand such a strain."

"Poor Lucy—such a nice little girl, too!"

"Is she really?" If you heard her play you might call her anything but 'nice.'"

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RUSSIA'S WAR FLEET NOW BOTTLED UP IN PORT ARTHUR

TORPEDO CRAFT vs. BATTLESHIPS

By Captain Alfred T. Mahan, U.S.N.

This is the third of a series of articles under the title of "Appreciation of Conditions in the Russo-Japanese Conflict," contributed exclusively to Collier's by Captain A. T. Mahan, U.S.N., author of "The Influence of Sea Power on History," who is a recognized authority, the world over, in matters pertaining to naval strategy. The first article was published in Collier's for February 20; the second, April 30

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THE destruction of the Russian battleship *Petrovsk* by a submarine mine, and the completeness of the catastrophe, involving both vessel and crew, constitute an incident so dramatic as to arrest at once the attention of the superficial, and to compel the close study of responsible authorities. In all such cases the obvious is that which carries the day in the so-called "opinions" of the hasty; and in this instance the obvious is the relative insignificance of the means of destruction, compared with the result produced. The true lessons of the occurrence, however, are not to be so lightly learned; they are not to be found in impressionist articles in the press, or in impressionist utterances elsewhere. There are always qualifying considerations. Possibly, these may not in the end be found strong enough to overbear the contention of those who judge only by an event, and that event isolated; but not until the other side of the question has been duly pondered can conclusion be justly thought final and safe.

Naval History bears witness to two continuous streams of belief; one in the superior efficacy of big ships, the other in the possibility of reaching some cheap means of offence, which will supersede the necessity of large vessels. The gunboat policy of President Jefferson affords the extreme example of this prepossession, which is only one aspect of a conflict everywhere seen between means and ends; the desire to obtain results without paying the reasonable and necessary price. Another instance of the same disposition is the hope of bringing an enemy to terms by commerce destruction alone, to be effected by a number of small cruisers, instead of obtaining control of the sea by preponderance of great fleets, supposed to be more expensive. No disappointment kills this expectation; experience is powerless against it, and is equally powerless to repress the theory, continually recurring, that some class of small vessel, with peculiarly redoubtable qualities, will be found to combine resistlessness with cheapness, and so put an end to the supremacy, never heretofore shaken, of the great ship of the order of battle. Its supremacy destroyed, the control of the sea will pass to the destroyer.

Control of the Sea. That, I believe, is conceded by all naval students and statesmen to be the one clear and necessary aim of naval warfare. The control may be local, as that of Japan now is; or it may be substantially universal, as that of Great Britain has been during long periods. Whether general or restricted, however, it means that the commerce and the military expeditions of the nation possessing control can pass continuously to and fro, without danger of disabling blows from the enemy. Absolute immunity from injury, occasionally even grave, is a vain dream of those who would fain wage war without running risks. In sober conception, "control" means such use of the water as a man has of a well-established business; not liable to failure, but also not exempt from reverses.

The Control of the Sea

The necessity then actually before us being that of control of the sea, the question raised by those who in speech and cartoon are now deriding the battleship is: Can control of the sea be maintained by a large number of small ships, carrying torpedoes, against a lesser number of big ones? It must be clearly noted from the first that the question is not primarily that of the potential effects of the torpedo on the big ship. As I said in my first article for COLIER'S, "Nobody has doubted the destructive effects of a torpedo, once placed"; but the big ship can carry them too, and in as large numbers as the successive relative progresses of the torpedo and the gun may render desirable. It may be that in the near future the development of the torpedo may obtain for it a much greater proportion of the total tonnage of a vessel than at present, to be taken at the expense of the guns and their ammunition; but that is not the immediate matter under discussion, which is, the relative efficacy of big and small vessels. To put this most clearly before us, let it be thus stated: If all the Japanese armored ships were suddenly destroyed, their torpedo flotilla remaining decisively superior to the Russian, would the Japanese undertake to convey an army to Korea in the face of the three Russian battleships now remaining?

Being already so far involved—several army corps now in Korea—they might attempt much; but that they

never would have begun the war, in the case supposed, may be inferred from their incessant—and most wise—efforts to destroy the enemy's battleships, as well as from their continued measures to provide themselves with more large vessels.—the "Marine Review" of April 28 contains the particulars of two new Japanese battleships, of 16,400 tons displacement, ordered in England. The three Russians would not be enough to establish Russian control of the sea; they would be too few to cover the necessary ground; but they would make it impossible for transportation to proceed in quantity adequate to Japanese needs.

What Torpedoes Can Do

Could the Japanese torpedo flotilla, however, grapple with such a situation? To answer that it can do so, adequately, would mean that it can with certainty, and in reasonable time, destroy the remaining hostile battleships, or prevent their going to sea. Of this there is as yet no evidence. I don't mean merely no proof; but there is not even anything to indicate the probability that they could effect this result under the supposed conditions. For, what has been done? First, there was a successful surprise of a fleet off its guard and at anchor; in which, by the detailed account of the London "Times," ten torpedo vessels took part, discharging twenty torpedoes at a distance of 500 yards. The result we know was two battleships and a cruiser disabled, under circumstances much more favorable than can be expected to recur. The position of the enemy was known, he was at anchor, off guard, and without proper lookouts. Close range was thus attained, unseen; yet of twenty torpedoes fired, only three hits are scored. This is substantially the only success of the torpedo vessel—as distinguished from the torpedo weapon—in its peculiar sphere of operation. These hits are moreover the only achievement against battleships of the moving—automobile—torpedo, whether discharged by big ships or small; the other Russian casualties have been occasioned by stationary—anchored—submarine mines.

The laying of the mines, upon one of which the *Petrovsk* met her fate, was a most ingenious ruse, admirably carried out. In it, as in the first surprise, the military credit of outmaneuvering the enemy must be conceded; but that is something totally distinct from the efficiency of a particular class of vessel, or particular weapon, granting equal vigilance and skill on the part of both offence and defence. Togo's battle fleet has not even been ruffled by the very respectable, though numerically inferior, Russian flotilla; and he has preserved his battleships, and with them the control of the sea, by the very simple device of keeping them out of sight after nightfall. If, like him, the Russian admiral, on February 8, instead of staying just where the Japanese expected to find him, had put to sea for some unknown position, within a sixty-mile radius of the Port, the attack would probably—almost certainly—have failed; for there would not have remained night enough for search, nor indications by which to direct it. It is vain to speculate on the consequences, moral and material, upon the course of the war; but the other side of the question of torpedo-vessel attack would have received illustration. As it is, illustration being one-sided, "opinion" is the same. As I said also in my first article: "The question has been as to the ability to get in a hit at a fleet of vessels well picketed, and standing on their guard,"—one element of which is position and dispositions unknown to the enemy. It would have been interesting to see what would have happened had daylight found the Russian battle fleet and the hostile torpedo vessels in sight of one another. Probably, however, the latter would have retired toward its approaching main body.

Taken in connection with the manifold recognized advantages of large ships over small, in such matters of important military concern as speed, steadiness, coal capacity, and ability to deal with heavy weather, I think we may rest assured for the present that whatever modifications of armament may take place, the fleets that will control the seas will not be mosquito fleets. They will doubtless be so far above water as to afford target for guns, and this fact in turn will probably induce the continuance both of guns and of some armor protection.

Where Togo has kept his ships does not appear; but we may feel sure that somewhere there have been

cruising lookouts, which would have given him speedy notice had Makaroff attempted to restore conditions by the use of his torpedo flotilla against the Japanese battle fleet, or to molest transportation by taking the open with his own, evading the enemy. From either of these operations ignorance of his opponent's whereabouts deterred the Russian admiral, whose good will to assume the offensive, if opportunity offered, was abundantly shown. Makaroff also had definitely committed himself to the position that the power of the sea is never wholly lost, so long as the services of torpedo craft remain available; there was therefore special reason to expect a demonstration of their usefulness from him. And so history curiously repeats itself, with steam as with sails. "Here we are," wrote Collingwood in 1804, "eighty miles off shore in a heavy gale; nothing to prevent the enemy coming out except the uncertainty whether he may not stumble upon us." To come out under such conditions is doubly hazardous when, as in the case of Port Arthur, there is no other port available for return.

The moment of writing—April 28-30—affords us an instance of such issue on the part of the other Russian division, that at Vladivostok. Interest has centred so decisively round Port Arthur that I fancy the attention of most persons has been diverted from the conditions at the northern arsenal. Despite Togo's recurrent appearances and bombardments, we really know no more about his outside movements, his purposes, or where he is keeping his fleet, than we do about the other Japanese division believed to be watching Vladivostok. Still, we hear a good deal about him; but about the other practically nothing. The sortie of the Russian armored cruiser squadron to Gensan, however, affords material for inferences concerning the opposing division, composed of ships of the same class, as well as indications of Japanese land movements. It is definitely shown that, while the main Japanese advance is by the west coast of Korea and the mouth of the Yalu, there is a subsidiary movement by Gensan on the east coast. This is not absolute news; but it is a confirmation of previous probable reports, enforced by the sinking of a transport and collier. Granting reasonable facility of moving from several ports toward the point of general concentration for the Japanese army, it is advantageous to distribute the landings among them. More men can be landed at the same instant, and simultaneous advance by several roads also promotes celerity. Between the east and west shores of the peninsula there intervenes some very high and rugged ground of over 5,000 feet elevation, which will impede co-operation between the forces landed on its either side; but the difficulty is the same for Russians as for Japanese, and greater for cavalry, in which the Russians are believed superior. Japanese divisions moving along this line tend also to check detachments of the enemy, occasionally reported advancing from Vladivostok. While, therefore, it is almost beyond doubt that the main Japanese attack will be by the lower Yalu and west coast, it is now clear that there is some activity on the east as well.

The Menace of a "Fleet in Being"

The mere existence of a Russian armored squadron in Vladivostok would compel the neighborhood of a superior Japanese force; but when there is exposed transportation of troops and supplies, as just shown, the necessity is doubly imperative. Also, as at Port Arthur, the most desirable of all alternatives is to destroy the hostile vessels, singly or together, as opportunity offers or can be contrived. Like dead men, only dead ships cease to be dangerous; while they are "in being," however held in check, there is always the chance of their doing harm. The recent exit of the Russian squadron possesses this particular interest. It shows that such a "fleet in being," even in the neighborhood of a superior force, can menace the "control" of the sea; that it can create some insecurity, effect some injury, greater or less as chance may serve; but it also shows that such injury may be inconsequential, and, even if severe, can not be vital. To sink or capture two or three hostile transports, even to interrupt momentarily the progress of transportation by apprehension for its safety, is not to accomplish the severance of communications, which is a mortal blow.

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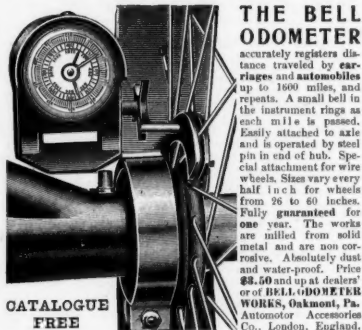
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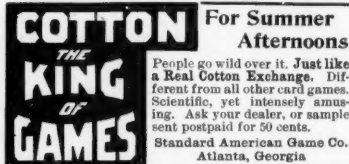
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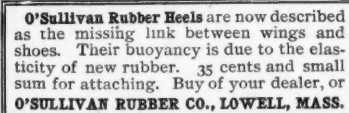
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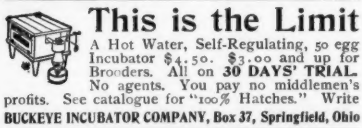


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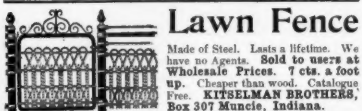


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The Russian division, though very much in being, has merely made two raids of some 300 miles—say 20 hours—from its port; and in doing this has run a very great risk, as appears from the speed with which it hustled back. It is probable that at some time of its absence the superior Japanese squadron was nearer than itself to Vladivostok. There is no need to insist that the danger of such a situation greatly exceeds the results achieved; while the limitation upon its action is evident from the fact that, though it evaded observation, and had a good start, it did not venture down to the Korean Strait, or to the west coast, where the great movement of Japanese transportation was in progress. In brief, Japanese control of the sea was not threatened by this strong division, although it had succeeded in gaining a position between Togo and the Vladivostok Japanese fleet, whence it was free to act upon the main line of the enemy's communication for an appreciable time before being stopped.

It will be interesting to learn how this successful exit from Vladivostok, undiscovered, was effected. Probably under cover of fog; and if the ground surrounding the harbor be high, as at Santiago, their absence might well remain undetected. It would seem, however, that it should be otherwise as regards their presence outside; that this ought to have become known by some other agency than that of their captures. As a general proposition, it is at least safe to say that the Japanese division in watch of the port should have been itself so posted as to be able quickly to get between the enemy and his return, and that its scouting system should have ensured speedy knowledge of movements at no greater a distance than 300 miles. Like all general propositions, however, experience furnishes us with so many inevitable practical exceptions that it is impossible to dogmatize, in advance of precise knowledge in each particular instance. The obtaining of intelligence, the *faites-moi savoir* of Napoleon, by scouting or otherwise, is among the most difficult as most necessary of military demands. Historically, I suppose no fleet ever had scouts enough; these being vessels capable of swift movement and distant detachment without weakening the main body.

The dash of the Russian armored cruisers from Vladivostok emphasizes the wisdom of Admiral Togo's course, in compassing the destruction of vessel after vessel of the Port Arthur squadron. "Kill the ships" is the first demand of naval warfare; starve them—that is, stop their coal—is the second. There can be no doubt of the good will of the Japanese before Vladivostok to do as their comrades to the south have done; and that they have not attempted it by means of the torpedo flotilla, in which the Japanese navy is strong, shows their appreciation that there is a decisive difference between sending their boats against a fleet anchored in the open, as at Port Arthur, and one within a fortified harbor, like Vladivostok—or Santiago. This indicates limitations to the action of the torpedo vessel. So also it would seem that the motive which probably prompts Togo's frequent disappearances weighs also with the northern Japanese division, not to keep at night too close to a hostile harbor in which torpedo vessels are lying. The admirable secrecy preserved by the Japanese authorities debars from us as yet much information we would gladly have, but since writing these words I find in the recent non-telegraphic correspondence of the London "Times" the following detail concerning the bombardment of Vladivostok, March 6: "The Japanese ships then drew off, and watched the harbor from a distance; . . . and at sunset withdrew beyond the range of torpedo attacks during the night. Next morning it stood in again."

The blockading fleet in such cases is always in the open; its chief protection against the insidious approach of the torpedo is a position unknown to the assailant, further fortified by a cordon of active look-out boats. This of course means a certain remoteness from the harbor during the dark hours, in which the torpedo finds its opportunity. As the late Admiral Sampson once said to me: "The torpedo boat is the child of darkness." It is evident, however, that a position thus taken facilitates an escape, such as that lately reported of the Vladivostok fleet; and as there is no other apparent reason for the Japanese not lying close up with the harbor, I apprehend they know there are torpedo vessels within. When the war began the Russians were credibly reported to have on the station eighteen to twenty destroyers, of which not more than a dozen seem to have been in Port Arthur.

We may therefore, I think, reasonably conclude that there is a certain amount of military movement and sea transportation to the east of Korea; that it is threatened by the Russian fleet at Vladivostok, not with serious interruption, but occasional harassment; that the Japanese squadron off the port is hampered in the thoroughness of its watch by torpedo vessels within, and yet unable, from local conditions, to get at the enemy's vessels except when, as on the recent occasion, they venture out of port. It is possible, also, that it may be part of the Japanese game to give opportunities for evasion, in the hope of intercepting return. This was Nelson's policy off Toulon; but now, as then, it offers too many chances to the enemy. It seems, however, very unlikely that the Vladivostok fleet will go far from home. Having no other base open, its coal capacity measures the limit of its depredations, which can scarcely effect results proportionate to the risks, so long as the main Japanese operations are on the west of Korea.

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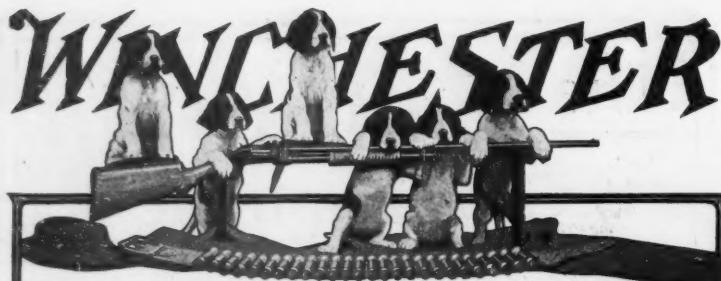
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THE GIRL OF THE VIOLIN

(Continued from page 15)

He comes more and more often—for a year he has left me but little. There is very little Lucy Reeves left. It is nearly all André Proust now."

"André Proust?" cried Webb, thunder-struck.

The girl turned her head wearily. "I forgot—you do not know. When I met my aunt in Boston, I asked her the story of the violin. In as far as she knows it, it was as he wrote that night. The name was André Proust. It had been pawned and he did die of starvation in Paris."

"Did you tell her first of the written message?"

"Neither before nor since. She does not know that I had been told the name before she gave it to me with her own lips."

"But," he cried eagerly, "think! Your aunt told it to you long ago, and you forgot it? It lay in your sub-conscious memory like some tiny seed, and sprang to life when some chance dream stirred it once more into existence?"

Lucy slowly shook her head.

"It is all true," she asserted solemnly, "true as I told it. André Proust still lives—in some way you men of science have not yet learned. He takes me, uses me, for his own purpose. If I had understood at first as I do now, I could have asserted my will against his. But I used to play mechanically—like one in a dream—half hypnotized by myself perhaps—and my will power went to sleep."

He laughed at last—shook his head.

"I know you think I am a little fool—but am I? Either the story of Christ is true or it isn't. And who is to say just what part to believe?"

"There is a lot I am going to say to you, Lucy, when you are stronger. You have lived too much alone, and your dear little head is filled with silly notions." He laughed more easily. "Such ideas bring madness, Lucy!"

"So does religion! So does love!" She looked at him plaintively.

"Fiddlesticks! Lucy, I should like to shake you!"

For two weeks Hewitt Webb had but one thought in life, and that was to save her from her own fancy. Everything that could be done was done. A circle of alienists, whose names stand for all that is eminent in success, in the field of mental pathology, were consulted by Webb, with Lucy's consent. She went with him and submitted to any and all tests and examinations suggested. These men were unanimous in their conclusions. The case was a simple one. It was traumatic hysteria from which Lucy Reeves suffered.

They persuaded Webb to take her out of herself as much as possible, to fill her life and mind with more graphic images—in other words, to crowd the error out of its possession of her ego by obtruding more vital issues. And Webb secretly hoped to accomplish this through the force of his love for her.

And Lucy Reeves listened and smiled and grew each day more ethereal in form and color, more wistful as to glance of violet eyes, more pitiful as to the droop of her childlike lower lip. For days she had not touched the violin, and each time she greeted Webb she said with a little air of hope: "I am Lucy to-day."

But one morning in March, a morning which held within it the first hint of spring, he called rather early upon her.

A famous man from Philadelphia was in town, and he had just seen and talked with him. Hope had been whipped into a new animation by the words of encouragement which had been spoken by the older man. Webb ran lightly up the stone steps and stood looking down the Avenue at the stream of vehicles. He held some violets in his hand, and, impatient at the fancied delay, rang the bell for the second time.

As he stood he heard from within the house the strain of Lucy's violin. The door opened and he entered, standing for a few minutes in the hall to listen before ascending to the drawing-room.

On the wings of a music of unearthly sweetness the story of a lamentable farewell to earth was borne.

It was the wail of a defeated dream—of starless nights—of a soul bereft of the Vision. And as Webb listened he felt that it was a death warrant. He rushed up the stairway and into the room. Lucy was standing near the window with the blue damask curtains. He had dressed to go out with him. Her furs, hat, veil, gloves, were lying huddled upon a chair by the door. She stood a fragile figure, clothed in black, face and hands as colorless as wax, her hair smoothed back from her brow into a simple knot at her neck. Bending, swaying like a blade of grass in the wind, her bow flew over the strings. It seemed to be an improvisation, and the distended pupils of her eyes were blind to earth. Sonorous notes breathed into being by a technic impossible to describe. Exquisite shadow songs of tone, plaintive with despair, yet of phantasmal beauty, came as if from an underworld of sense to voice the cry of a strong man's heart through the fingers of a dying girl.

There was a rush, a struggle, a discordant twang of strings, the snapping of vibrant bow; the crash of rending brittle wood, and then the crackling of leaping flames. Before the fireplace Webb stood, and the rage he felt as he looked at the wrecked violin was of a personal kind with which he would have regarded a rival.

During two weeks of utter prostration Lucy Reeves lay vacillating between the currents of life and death. She had not the least suffering of any kind, and lingered as if in a placid dream. It seemed as if her gentle soul reveled in a freedom which the rest failed to understand—a sort of ecstasy of peace.

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Lower and lower into those depths of that dream of hers she appeared to drift. The mystery of her life seemed resolving itself again into first principles. It was as if unrest, tears, and pain were evading the ultimate analysis of science and becoming a mere echo to which her soul listened at last undismayed.

"It was all true," she said to Webb one day. "There's more to it, but I can't tell you—there are no words—and I'm Lucy—and so glad. Don't worry!"

And, curiously enough, she spoke in the old voice of melody. The harshness of tone—the husky whisper—were no longer there. And always there was upon her face that divine smile, her wide eyes shining like stars out of that placid face of hers, which was as white as the drift of linen amid which she lay. Webb will always remember that scene. The bed, the snow of its coverings, the waxen face and hands, the dark bronze of the tossed hair on the pillow, and the smile of those eyes and lips.

And the soul of her! It seemed about to exhale from her frail body as the perfume rises from a dying rose. Science could catch and hold neither. But in the realm of ideas both are immortal, and during those long days things which had seemed but fancies to Hewitt Webb came to be accepted by him as facts. It was as if he were brought so close to her, by the purity of his love, that a little of the light which shone for her was seen by him also, a new sense of things unseen overawed him, a hint came as to the existence, evasive, mysterious, of a something back of mere matter, as well as a quite new humility, and along with these things there was a dominant insistence upon the part of his own will that Lucy Reeves should live, and live for him. Constantly, hour by hour, he demanded for her a new vitality, asking it with a new understanding of the hitherto unknown. And little by little he won.

One day he leaned above her pillow and whispered her name: "Lucy!" Slowly the waxen lids lifted, and the shining eyes met his. Slowly a question grew within them, and then a joy.

"It was true?" Webb waited. Then he bowed his head and kissed her pale lips tenderly. "There was a something true about it," he said.

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V. *As one of the objects of this competition is to secure as many good short stories as possible, the Editor reserves the right to purchase any of the manuscripts which have failed to win a prize, but which he considers suitable for publication in the Weekly.* All such stories will be paid for at the rate of five cents a word, except in the cases of authors whose recognized rate is higher than this amount, in which instance the author's regular rate will be paid.

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Tales of How John D. Rockefeller Accumulated Some of His Money

I.—Mr. Rockefeller Buys a Horse

IN the city of Cleveland, Ohio, where John D. Rockefeller began his business career, the sign and symbol of the Standard Oil Company is the blue painted barrel, in which the company packs all its products, irreverently dubbed by the natives "The Holy Blue Barrel." Reminiscent inhabitants are apt to refer to events as happening before or after "the days of the Holy Blue Barrel." If you chance to come across an inhabitant whose memory extends to the days "before" you may get some interesting sidelights on the character of the man who started the greatest business enterprise of modern times. This is a yarn spun by an old-time Cleveland, who years ago plied some sort of trade in the vicinity of the old railway station before either Cleveland or Mr. Rockefeller had attained their present importance.

"Well, I reckon you know, don't you, that Rockefeller wasn't always in the oil business. In the days when I used to know him he was in the produce business, and used to drive his wagon down to the railway station himself. Puny-looking sort of a chap he was, and so I'd often lend him a hand a-loading up when I happened to be round. One day, while he was loading up his stuff, I drove up to the tracks with the niftiest little mare you ever laid eyes on. I'd just been out on the prairies on some business, and when I ran across that little mare she hit my fancy so hard that I parted with my gold watch to get her. You know those times a gold watch was a gold watch. When J. D. saw the mare spin into the station she caught his fancy too.

"Jim," says he, "that's a nice little mare you got there. What'll you take for her?"

"You just bet she's a nice mare," says I, "and I don't want to take anything for her."

"Oh, come, now, I'll give you fifty dollars; that's a good offer."

"Now, I didn't really want to sell the horse, but you know how a horse trade sort of gets into your blood, so I says, 'I don't want to sell the little mare, Mr. Rockefeller, but if you want her bad enough to pay seventy-five dollars for her, you can have her.' J. D. haggled some and then drove off. A few days afterward he pulled up at my house. He said he had come to buy the mare, and he pulled out a little cloth bag which was full of gold pieces, all small denominations. He sat down at the table and counted them out one by one, and as he laid each one down he'd stroke it like you've seen a woman stroke a pet cat. 'All good gold, Jim,' says he in an earnest, pious sort of way. 'All good gold, fifty-five dollars, and it's all yours for the little brown mare.' I put in a little more time trying to convince him that it was seventy-five or nothing, and he went off. Well, sir, he kept that game up for weeks. Next time he came he gave the performance all over again, except that this time he made it sixty dollars, counted it all out the same way, and says again, 'Sixty dollars, Jim, all good gold.'

"Now, see here, Mr. Rockefeller," says I, "I ain't got any kick coming about the quality of that gold, it's the quantity. There isn't enough of it to get that mare." You see J. D. was a long way off of owning the earth in those days, but he had a snug few hundred thousand laid by as a reward of industry, and could well afford to pay for his fancy. Well, sir, when he got up to sixty-five dollars, he began to feel he was getting reckless and must take precautions. So he came over and asked me to lend him the mare for a week.

"I let him have her, and at the end of the week he came back with the horse and the most remarkable document I ever read. I wish I'd kept that paper; I tell you it was a ripper. It whereased and wherebeyed every possible mischance that could befall a horse, hide or hoof. Why, according to that guarantee, that horse couldn't undergo a change in his chemical composition within a certain term of years without leaving me liable for it, and bound to restore the purchase money in full. I said I'd sign the paper all right, but seventy-five was my price. Finally one afternoon J. D. turned up with the little bag and gave the same old performance to the tune of seventy dollars. He was getting pretty close to the mark now, and I was plum worn out. J. D. talked and argued like he was pleading for a human life, but I stood firm. One more turn, thinks I, and I'll have him landed. Finally he reached down into his jeans and pulled up two dollars and fifty cents. The arguments had been getting longer and more earnest each time the bid was raised, and I felt I could afford to throw up the two fifty and make it a last call. So that's the way John D. Rockefeller came by two dollars and fifty cents of the greatest fortune on earth. And you can just bet your life, if he has toiled as long and as strenuously for the rest of it, he's worked harder for a living than I ever have."

II.—Mr. Rockefeller Loses a Golf Ball

IT IS no exaggeration to say that there is not a hod-carrier in this country, starting out in the early morning with his dinner-pail on his arm, who toils more assiduously or has longer hours than John D. Rockefeller, the man of millions. There is no eight-hour law for him; he has little pleasure outside of his business, and those who know him best say he devotes less time to recreation, though he has the world before him where to choose, than many a man who simply toils to fill his dinner-pail—and that he spends his small change with quite as much or more caution. Aside from the game of adding to and multiplying his enormous wealth, Mr. Rockefeller's one genuine pleasure is in his land. He owns a big place in the outskirts of Cleve-

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"Indeed, I began to feel I had all the troubles that human flesh could suffer but when a friend advised me to leave off coffee I felt as if he had insulted me. I could not bear the idea, it had such a hold on me and I refused to believe it the cause.

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NOTES OF PROGRESS IN SCIENCE AND INVENTION

The redwood of California, having high resisting power, will be used in construction work

It is found that for certain construction work, wood, such as that of the California redwoods, has a much higher resisting power than steel. It is proposed now to line one of the huge hydraulic tunnels of a Niagara power plant with timbers from the big trees. When steel is used as a lining, the particles of sand and other erosive substances carried by the rushing water soon eat into it, and it is finally worn through. On the contrary, if the redwood is used, a slimy, soapy covering forms on the inside and protects the tube itself from wear, thus ensuring a long life.

If the report be true, that all the hydraulic electric stations of California intend to use the redwood timber for their tunnels, it is indeed time that every active step be taken for the preservation of those most wonderful forests which are the admiration of the world, for with such a demand for their timber they can not last long.

An invention is being perfected to stop steamships quickly, thus preventing collisions

THE Canadian Government has been investigating a method of stopping vessels, which is the invention of M. Louis Lacaste. In the ordinary ship, stopping is rather a slow process; the engine must be stopped and reversed, and meanwhile the ship is forging ahead, perhaps into another vessel. The invention of M. Lacaste consists in placing along the sides of the ship a large number of vanes, which, while the ship is in motion, lie flat along the sides. When it is desired to stop, these large vanes can be released, and they will stand out from the sides of the vessel, causing an enormous drag.

In some experiments, conducted in the St. Lawrence River, the boat on which the experiments were made was stopped in its own length, from a speed of eleven knots. It seems evident that, if this system is practicable, it should be an immense safeguard in case of imminent collision, for in nearly every such case the danger is sighted several ship-lengths ahead, but too late to stop with the present appliances.

Buildings, in order to be thoroughly fireproof, should be protected against outside fires

ALTHOUGH it is rather difficult to see any good to be derived from the Baltimore fire, one thing is certain: we know a great deal more about fireproof buildings than we did before. Careful examinations have been made of the amount of resistance furnished by the so-called fireproof buildings, which were in the path of the fire, and, without doubt, many valuable lessons have been learned. The most striking fact is the apparent lack of protection which the buildings possessed against fires originating outside themselves. They were apparently constructed with an eye to fires starting inside, and would have been found sufficiently protected in this respect. In order to secure buildings which are free from danger from outside fires, either the windows should be provided with iron shutters or else the windows themselves should be of wire glass. The latter method of protection, being slightly and always ready, will be preferred by most builders. If the internal steel construction be sufficiently heavy, well protected with terra cotta, and the outside be of plain brick, one of these large fireproof buildings may be relied upon to withstand any ordinary fire, and would most probably resist even such a fire as the disastrous one in Baltimore.

The Germans are experimenting with acetylene gas as an agent to raise submarine boats

A METHOD of raising submarine torpedo boats by acetylene is being experimented upon by the German naval authorities. Large tanks are built in the boat, with a sea connection; when these are filled with water the boat will sink, and to raise her again, these must be emptied, which process, done in the ordinary way, requires powerful pumps and complicated mechanism. It is evident that multiplication of machinery is particularly objectionable in a submarine craft, and the German method avoids all necessity for pumps. When it is desired to raise the boat, a charge of calcium carbide of the right size is placed in an acetylene generator, which is connected to the water tanks, an immense volume of gas is formed, and on opening a cock this rushes into the water tank, forcing out the water through the sea connection, and the boat rises.

By a slight change, this method could be used for the raising of sunken vessels. Tanks filled with water could be sunk in the ship's hold, and when the number was sufficient to float her when empty the water could be driven out by acetylene, and the ship would rise. A charge of carbide might be introduced into each tank and form the gas there, or a separate generator connected to the tanks might be used.



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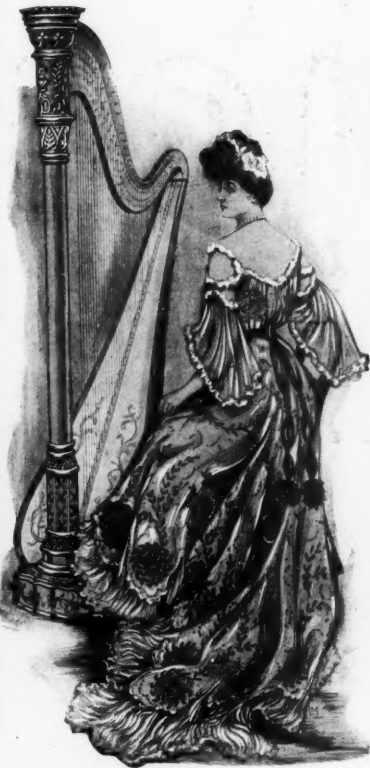
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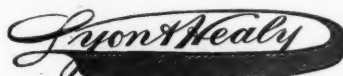
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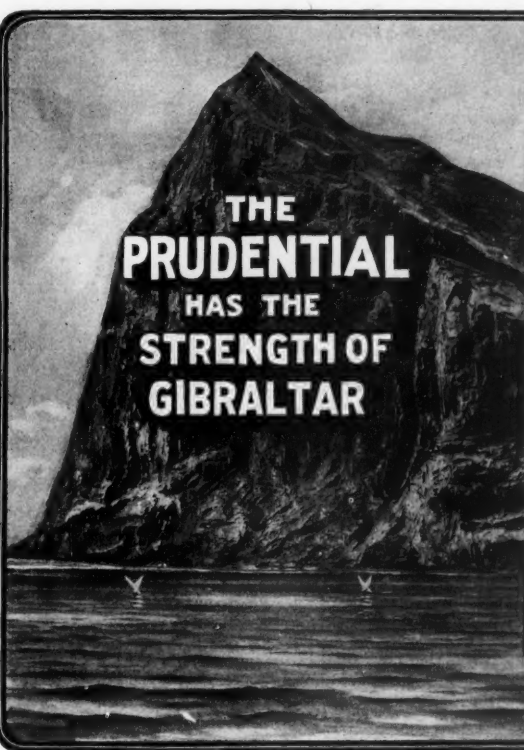
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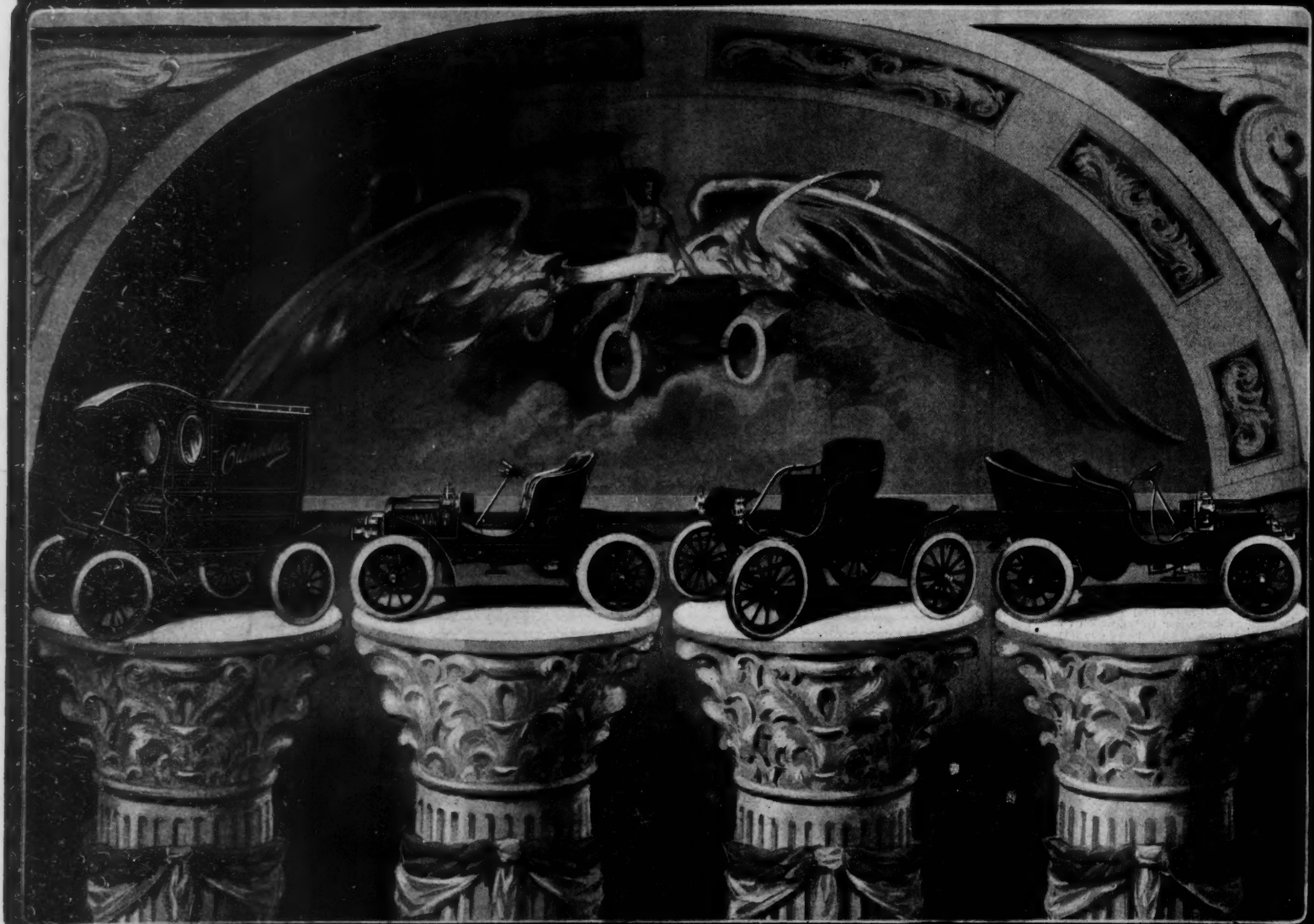
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